



Published Weekly

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Volume 20, Issue 24



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Gandharvas spring tour stops at the Blind Duck ... pg. 14



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See Page 2 for a Gift Certificate Giveaway



medium II



Elections shrouded in controversy

by Kevin A. Sager

ECSU's 1994/95 presidential seat has been won, through a slim margin of 6 votes, by Steve Taylor, despite the protests of two candidates. Taylor's victory has been appealed by Mike Caccamo, runner-up for the seat, and Vince DeMarinis' campaign manager Karen Flavelle. However, on Mar 29 a ruling of the ECSU Elections Committee categorically rejected the appeals of both Flavelle and Caccamo, and stated that the elections were both valid and binding.

Caccamo described his appeal as relating to a specific incident, and was unwilling to describe it further. "The reason why I won't disclose any information regarding my appeal is because it deals with sensitive information and therefore should be kept confidential. As well, I am pursuing other avenues so that my concerns can be addressed," said Caccamo.

Flavelle and De Marinis have appealed the campaign on several grounds. Most notably, they have made claims that a conflict of interest may exist with regards to Taylor, Mary Kosta (Chief Returning Officer (CRO)), and Anna Vlitias (Deputy Returning Officer (DRO)). Kosta's reply to this was that she has been close friends with all of the candidates, and that she had not displayed favoritism. "I've run on tickets with Vince before, worked with Mike in the Italian Club, and am friends with Steve," Kosta stated.

Flavelle and DeMarinis are also charging that Mary Kosta, according to ECSU's Election Committee and Procedures By-law #2, cannot legally hold the position of CRO. Further, they claim that the rules ECSU has used for the two previous year's elections have not been the

pus-wide referendum on March 19, 1992, is an amended election rule package that has not been used in any of the four ECSU elections of the past two years. Kosta responded that By-law #2 was not made available either to her or Dave Amato, last year's ECSU president, by Lloyd Aning, ECSU president previous to Amato. "I was not made aware of these rules...Dave didn't have a copy, I don't have a copy...all I have are the rules that were used for my election," defended Kosta.

However, Aning stated that he had left a copy of amended ECSU documents for the incoming president. Amato concurred that Aning had indeed left a copy on disc, but that he had not printed a hardcopy of these documents. "Lloyd did his job. Mismanagement at ECSU is to blame [for further difficulties]," asserted Amato, who added that it is now imperative for Kosta to obtain a copy of the correct rules.

Other allegations of improprieties have been made by Flavelle and De Marinis. One of them regards the arbitrary dismissal of Daniel Awadalla from the ECSU Elections Committee by Kosta and Vlitias, rather than a two-third majority vote through the Committee, as required by By-law #2. Again Kosta's defense was that the rules that the committee were using said nothing about prohibiting such a move.

"Awadalla had spoken to one candidate on behalf of another candidate and then on behalf of the elections committee on top of that. We believed that this showed bias," said Kosta. Awadalla response is that he spoke to a candidate at the request of another candidate, and that further he was not speaking as a member of the elections committee, but rather making an unofficial call to the candidate.

M A R C H 2 9 , 1 9 9 4

WHAT'S
ON!

Quote of the week

"They have no justification for raising tuition with savings like these"

SAC President-Elect Gareth Spanglett commenting on the recent announcement to hike tuition fees in 1994/95.

FOX & FIDDLE CHALLENGE

What is the proposed schedule for tuition hikes in 1994/95, 1995/96?

Bring you answers to the medium 11 office. We will draw for the correct answer on Friday. Winner will receive a \$10. gift certificate compliments of the Fox & Fiddle. Deadline & Draw on Friday

UofT AWARDS

NEW AWARD

The University of Toronto Alumni Association (UTAA) is pleased to announce the creation of a new award; Gordon Cressy Awards, created this year as a tribute to the outgoing Vice-President will recognize up to 60 students for their contribution to the University of Toronto community. Nominations will be considered from all members of the University community. Please contact Barbara Dick at 978-2366.

ERINDALE COLLEGE COMMUNITY AWARD

In recognition of an outstanding contribution to the quality of life at Erindale College.

Any member of the College community is eligible, subject to the following guidelines.

STUDENT - The nominee is registered at Erindale College, has completed two or more courses and is currently enrolled in a course.

FACULTY/STAFF - Consideration may be given to an individual whose stature within the College community is widely acknowledge to be outstanding. The nomination should include factors other than teaching excellence for which an award already exists.

ADMINISTRATORS - The award may not be given to an academic administrator during their term of office or to a member of this committee in the same year that the person is serving on the committee.

NOMINATIONS - Make your nomination now.

Nominations should include the complete name and address of the candidate, as well as a statement outlining the reasons for nomination. Include your name, the date and if you wish, additional signatures in support of the nomination. Send your nomination to the Erindale College Community Award Committee Award Committee, c/o Ken Turner, Chair, Room 3070, South Building. Deadline for nominations is March 31, 1994.



Erindale students win competition

Michael Chorney and David Lawton of University of Toronto - Erindale campus won the top award at the Doane Raymond central Ontario Universities accounting case competition held recently in Toronto. Chorney and Lawton developed the best solution to a challenging accounting case. Pictured here are (left to right) Irene Wiecek, the team's faculty adviser, Lawton, Chorney, and Joel Amernic, FCA, chair - division of Accounting, Faculty of Management at UofT-St. George. Amernic chaired the competition.

ERINDALE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE IMPORTANT NEWS

SUGGESTION BOX

We would like to hear from you! The Erindale Registrar's Office maintains a Suggestion Box in the South Building beside our front doors. We welcome helpful suggestions, questions and comments about our services. Responses are posted Fridays.

IMPORTANT DATES

Mar. 28	Summer registration material for Erindale students available for pick up.
Apr. 4	Summer session registration for Erindale course begins.
Apr. 5	Summer session registration for St. George courses begins.
Apr. 18 - May 6	Final exams in B,H,Y, and S courses.
May 4 - May 9	February Admission Program final exams held.

UPDATE ON NEW DEGREE REQUIREMENTS

The faculty of Arts and Science has made a revision to the Curriculum Renewal Degree Requirements:

- The number of 300/400 series for:
B.Com and Honours B.A./B.Sc. has changed from 8.0 to 6.0
B.Sc. has changed from 4.0 to 3.0
- Only 1.0 transfer credit may be used to satisfy this specific degree requirement

Students who have questions about the degree requirements should make an appointment with a counsellor in the Registrar's Office

The 1994/95 Calendar will be available for pick-up in the Registrar's Office beginning March 28th and will include this revised degree requirement.

INCOME TAX (T2202) available for pickup in the Registrar's Office.

FINAL EXAM schedule available for pickup at the Library, Registrar's Office & the Info Desk.

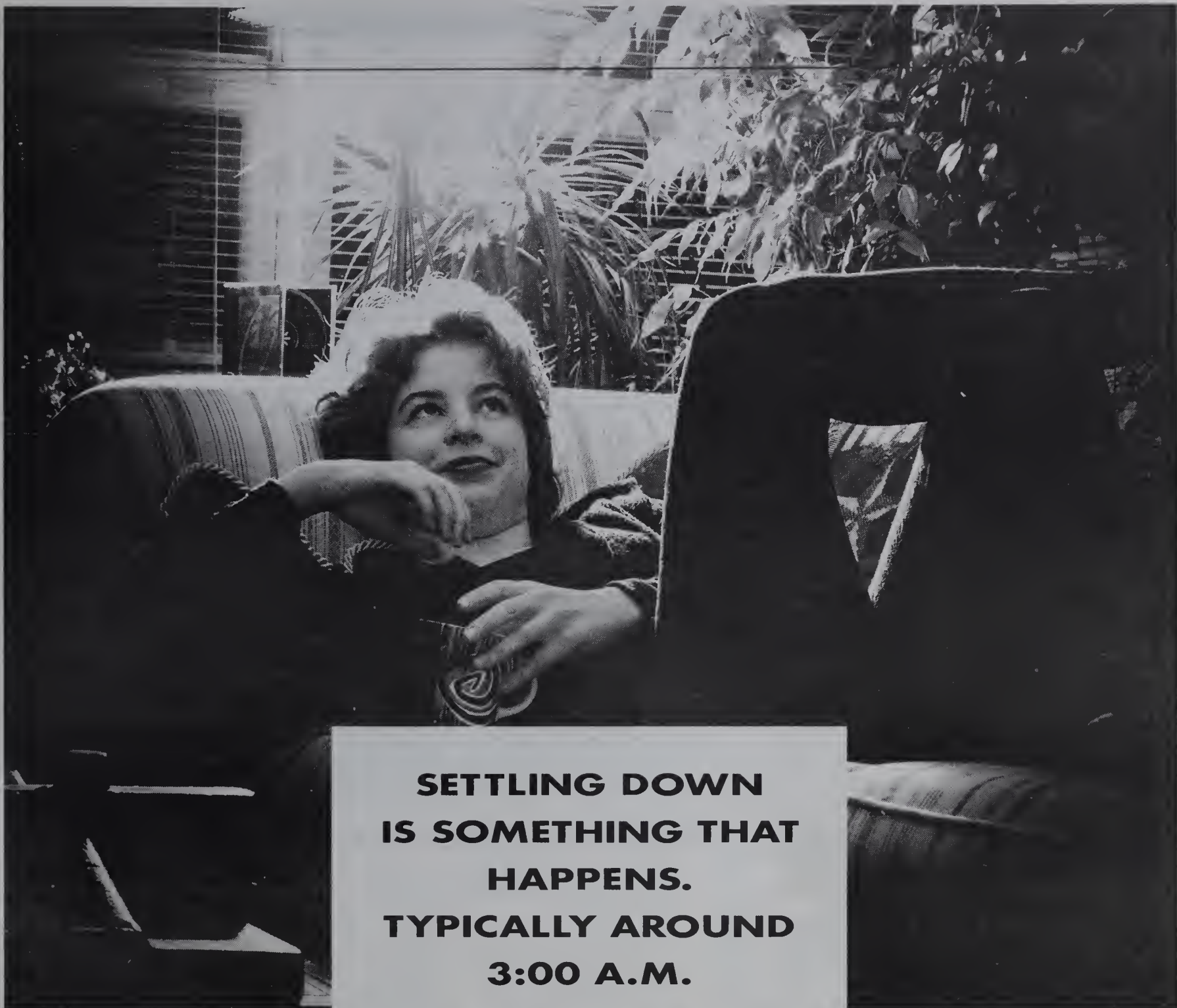
* New acrylic form holders are located outside the office, adjacent to the bulletin boards. Students can now pick up transcript forms, blanks fees invoices, exam schedule etc., from the South Building 24 hours a day.

JOB OPPORTUNITY: BLIND DUCK PUB MANAGER

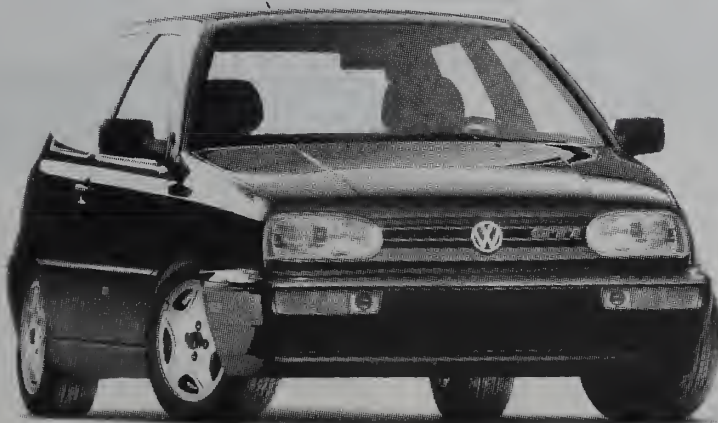
Responsibilities:

- overall operation of BDP
- maintenance and cleanliness
- promotion and encouragement of all pub activities
- ordering of food, supplies, alcohol, etc.
- responsible for administration of all LLBO regulations and UofT alcohol policy and Board policies respecting management of Blind Duck Pub
- staff the Blind Duck Pub (Hiring/Firing)
- Conference requests
- Accounts receivable, payroll, sales reports
- Liquor & Food inventory including faculty club

Any interested candidates should submit a resume to Vice President Finance at ECSU or contact Vince DeMarinis at 828-5249



**SETTLING DOWN
IS SOMETHING THAT
HAPPENS.
TYPICALLY AROUND
3:00 A.M.**



EARN IT. SPEND IT. ENJOY IT.

Don't expect to be home early driving a new Volkswagen Golf. The optional 10-year/160,000 km powertrain warranty and starting price of \$12,295* will give you other ideas. With its MacPherson strut independent front suspension, you'll want to take the long

way, the highway, and perhaps a road with lots of sharp curves. But make sure there's a passing lane so you can fully appreciate the low-end torque of the motronic-tuned engine and track correcting rear axle. Maybe you shouldn't go home. Go visit friends in another

province. And when you finally park yourself in bed just as the sun's coming up, the anti-theft alarm system will ensure that your Golf gets a good day's sleep. Actually, it only settles down because you have to. Or do you?

GOLF 
ENGINEERED FOR LIFE.

Price is based on MSRP for 2-door CL model with a 1.8 litre engine and 5-speed manual transmission. Options, freight, dealer prep and taxes extra. Dealer may sell for less. GTI model shown priced at \$16,795.



NEWS

NEWS IN BRIEF

FREE PUBLIC FORUM ON ENVIRONMENTAL BILL OF RIGHTS

The Canadian Institute for Environmental Law and Policy in cooperation with the Ontario Ministry of Environment and Energy is presenting a forum on the Environmental Bill of Rights at Innis Town Hall, Innis College on March 30, 1994, from 8:00 to 10:00 p.m.

This roundtable discussion will include representatives from the environmental movement, media, legal and business communities. It is free and open to the public, and no reservations for space are necessary.

Prichard, Spanglett tangle over tuition

by Kevin A. Sager

Ontario Minister of Education and Training Dave Cooke's announcement of tuition increases for Ontario universities has prompted mixed reactions from U of T President Robert Prichard and Student Administrative Council (SAC) President-elect Gareth Spanglett.

On March 23 it was announced that tuition rates would be raised with the intention of, "encouraging enrolment growth and protecting the quality of postsecondary programs". Cooke's announcement followed a statement by Finance Minister Floyd Laughren stating that provincial funding for colleges and universities will be maintained at previously announced levels. In 1994-95, tuition fees for undergraduate arts and science students are to increase by \$202 to \$2,228. In the following year, tuition is to go up by \$223 to \$2,451. Cooke also announced that he would continue to pursue an income-

contingent loan repayment program with the federal government, although as yet there is no firm date for its implementation.

"I think that students keep getting the short end of the stick," said Spanglett, who stated that the government cutbacks are part of the university's long term strategy and that the administration has known about them for months.

Spanglett, saying he is "disgusted" with the proposed tuition hike, further claims this fee increase is unnecessary in any event. Citing that the administration has saved \$178 million over the last five years, Spanglett feels that this should more than cover the shortfall in funding from the Ontario Government. In fact, according to Spanglett, the university is going to profit from the arrangement.

As a member of the U of T Budget Committee, Spanglett claims that last year the university made \$60.5 million in surplus revenues, and that this informa-

tion is available to all students in the public audited financial statements.

"They have no justification for raising tuition with savings like these," said Spanglett.

University President Robert Prichard, however, described the tuition hikes as reasonable and constructive for the university, considering the financial position of the province, although he said he was disappointed at the lack of financial aid reform.

"I disagree with [Spanglett]. I would not recommend spending the capital...I believe that the vast majority of the members of the University community, including alumni, support the university's position. There is not a major university in North America that does not have an endowment. There is not a major university which is spending its endowment," said Prichard.

He also felt that the defeat of OUSA during the March referendum was not necessarily a defeat of income contingency. Most

advocates of the No-to OUSA side of the March referendum were quite opposed to the implementation of income contingency, whereas supporters of OUSA also supported the ICLRP. Although the referendum's result would appear to indicate that the student body does not support ICLRP, Prichard did not see the two as being connected.

"The case for ICLRP has been made by many institutions across Canada, and has been made regularly by the U of T. I believe that the Governments plans will not be influenced by the referendum on our campus," he asserted.

Spanglett said that he hopes to see SAC work with other Ontario schools to combat this increase. This, he says, is in keeping with his campaign pledge to mobilize with other university student bodies around single issues as an alternative to joining organizations such as OUSA.

"I think that [funding] is the issue of importance for coalition building," he said.

Residence Council race leads to stalemate for second place

by Rosalie Porter

Last Wednesday's residence council forum allowed the ten candidates for co-mayor to outline their campaign pledges. However, the election that transpired produced a tied result for second place.

Lucy Carrera and Prakash Nair promoted the idea of a 'Rez Village', a closely knit community that connects all four phases. They also suggested activities such as the Rez Dinner, tickets for baseball and hockey games, theatre performances, Yuk Yuk's and Tri-Star events. For Colman Lounge, Carrera and Nair proposed flexible hours including weekends, rental options for parties as well as photocopying.

Maen Saleh and Denise Hui campaigned for a Safety Committee, more sports activities that cost less, and a Rez party at the beginning of the year with live bands from campus. They also suggested holding a Residence Olympics and a Pool Party behind Colman Lounge, and a bus trip to grocery stores on weekends, which would be fully subsidized by Loeb's.

Greg Sutherland and Rob Howell called for more social and athletic events. Their campaign was built on 3 premises:

1. reduce student apathy;
2. provide clear understanding

of Rez Council's plans;

3. increase use of Colman Lounge.

In addition, they proposed such things as Super-Nintendo on the big screen, continuation of the speaker series, laser tag games, trips to Stratford and Niagara-On-The-Lake, overnight trips to sporting events and a monthly newspaper.

Rondev Bhattacharya and Claire Porter stressed the importance of accessibility and community, including a 'Welcome Back' letter with a survey to determine what students want for the year and to have a barbecue at the beginning of the year.

Kathy Armstrong and Diane Wdowczyk wanted new academic and social events that wouldn't be overly expensive: a winter carnival, a barbecue and bonfire at the beginning of the year, a video yearbook, continuation of the celebrity speaker series and Rez Alumni. In Colman Lounge, they suggested hooking up Sega Genesis, having home tournaments and movie marathons with sleepovers.

The election which transpired on Friday March 25 produced only one clear winner- Prakash Nair, with a total of 47 votes. As there was a three way tie for second place, between Lucy Carrera, Denise Hui, and Maen Saleh, with 45 votes, there was a by-

election starting 12: 01 am Monday March 28 for the other co-mayor position.

Denise Hui, who formerly ran with Maen Saleh, will run on her ideas. Among these proposals are: free bus trips to Loeb's for groceries, a tutorial directory, a used book service for residence students, and a volunteer drivers

program for weekend health emergencies.

"Me and Maen are still good friends even though we are running against each other," said Hui.

Maen Saleh emphasized similar sentiments. He is also somewhat disappointed that the election was set up in such a way as

to have two people run on the same ticket, but still have to compete against each other for votes.

"This election wasn't run the right way," said Saleh. "This splits up our platform and makes us run against each other."

Lucy Carrera could not be reached for comment at presstime.

CAREER CENTRE NEWS

SUMMER '94



Are you interested in travel?
Working abroad may be for you!

The Career Centre offers many resources to help you find a job in Europe, Asia or even the U.S.A.!

DROP IN

S.W.A.P.

The Student Work Abroad Programme sponsors students and helps them get established in a country of their choice including: Britain, Ireland, Finland, France, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the U.S.A.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT
DIRECTORY OF THE U.S.

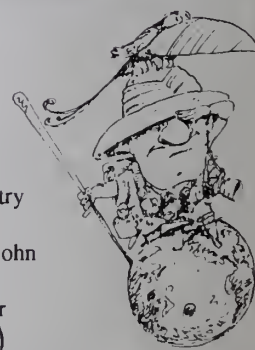
Information on jobs available in areas such as:

- camps
- conservation programs
- resorts
- national parks
- theaters
- theme parks
- ranches

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TEACHING?

Read:

- Teaching English Abroad by Susan Griffith (A Country by Country Guide)
- English in Asia by John Wharton (Teaching Tactics for Classrooms in Asia)



Watch the video: Working as an Assistant English Teacher in Japan.

If you can't find a job and are looking for adventure consider a Volunteer Vacation!



Bill McMillon's Book, Volunteer Vacations, can help you find a volunteer position of interest to you!

More information available at the
CAREER CENTRE, Rm. 3094, South Bldg.

The year is wrapping up but that doesn't mean that you can't do some writing for us next year! Call Jennifer, our personable young News Editor-to-be at 828-5260.

Should Death Row be obsolete- or expanded?

On The Left with Manfred Sittmann

The topic of capital punishment seems to be one which brings out the cliché in all who discuss it. "An eye for an eye", "Hang 'em High" and of course "What is good for the goose..." are all battle cries of the vindictive section of society who call for the death penalty to all murderers.

Perhaps the only argument that I find seems to work is the economic justification. It is true that keeping a murderer behind bars is expensive. However, setting that aside, there are a great number of flaws in the capital punishment argument.

The biggest myth is that capital punishment acts as some kind of deterrent. It has been proven time and time again that this is not so. Those states which employ capital punishment have murder rates that are very similar to those who do not.

I am not going to tell you that we have no right to play God, or anything that hokey, because I am not that naive. The role of God is played every day by politicians, doctors and other figures of high authority.

The biggest problem that I see is the old, what-happens-if-you-gas-somebody-and-it-turns-out-to-be-the-wrong-guy issue. Every year, 60 Minutes has episode upon episode detailing men wrongly accused of crimes who are

either on death row or who have forcibly been graduated to that big death row in the sky. At this point, people are caught back on their heels somewhat and begin to say things like: "Well....we would only use it if we were one hundred percent sure. 100 percent sure??!"

Wasn't the jury that put David Milgaard away for the majority of his life sure of what they were doing? Maybe they robbed him of his freedom, just in case it was him.

The truth is that unless a person confesses, our legal system can never be totally sure of a person's guilt or innocence. On the other hand, if capital punishment were in place, how many confessions do you think would be given? Not even a sick-minded deviant like Clifford Olsen would have come forward if he knew he would be killed for it.

What's more is that juries have proven to be less inclined to convict someone of first degree murder if they feel as though they will be responsible for sending the person to their death. And if there is one thing our legal system does not need, it is jurors afraid to act on their true beliefs for fear of getting blood on their hands.

I am quite in favour of capital punishment if it has been proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that the individual has committed a disgraceful act of rapacious violence. I have tried and tried to find any redeeming reason to spare the lives of people who rape, murder, and commit various other atrocities. I can find none. I'm totally opposed to the idea that we should pity the likes of, say, Charles Manson who, with his nazi-like cult, committed atrocious 'helter-skelter' murders in the late 1960s. Manson has now been living off the state for over twenty years.

In our own neck of the woods, we have been exposed to a number of nauseating crimes against women and children, not to mention a rise in violent street crime. In fact, I think we already have a backlog of death row candidates in this country, and it's about time we started getting to them. I am referring to such 'gentlemen' as Clifford Olsen, who played a grisly game of murder with the police, and Michel Theriault, who headed up a cult that performed as child abuse, sexual torture, and mutilation. Both of these men have one thing in common: they are alive and well, while their victims are dead or suffering.

I feel that society's priorities are total-

On The Right with Kevin A. Sager

ly screwed up when it comes to the issue of law and justice. For one thing, we are told execution by even the most humane means is cruel and unusual punishment. Many still have a stereotyped notion of modern executions as being some sort of medieval affair involving a hangman's rope. While the phrase "Hang 'em high!" does invoke a certain wistfulness for me, I feel that this sort of execution, along with electrocution and the gas chamber, is not only needlessly painful, but awkward and expensive. A much more humane way to dispose of parasites is the increasingly common lethal injection. No pain, no blackouts, no cumbersome gas equipment.

What is served by a weak-kneed system that moves criminals in and out of a revolving door? Certainly not justice. Who gains from the diagnosis of serial murderers as mentally ill or in need of society's forgiveness? It is probably the parasites themselves who know they can get away with almost anything in this country and live to see another day.

Yes, there is a need for compassion in society. There is a need for the strong to help the less fortunate. This is why more emphasis has been placed lately on victims' rights and compensation-as it should. However, let us not extend our compassion to include the lowest of the low.

"If I were governor, there wouldn't be Death Row; it would be Death Week."

- Charles Barkley

Taylor wins, unofficially

continued from cover....

Another charge made by Flavell and Caccamo is that there was an infraction of the rules regarding poll clerks, who oversee the balloting procedures and the checking of signatures. Among other infractions, they charge that Alex Vaccari, a member of ECSU, was working as a poll clerk despite not being hired as one. They also state that his open support of Steve Taylor made it a conflict of interest for him to be working the polls. Kosta said that Alex only sat for 15 minutes, and that Election Committee spokesperson Jennifer Cardella was present at the same time. Cardella, however, said that not only was she not even in the local vicinity of the polls, but that further she was not permitted as a committee member to be there. Vaccari states that Vince DeMarinis and Mike Caccamo were also present, and that he was representing ECSU rather than the elections committee in this fashion. Taylor stated that he did not feel it was appropriate for Vaccari to be in that capacity at that time.

Defeated candidate DeMarinis stated that he still intends to be involved in campus affairs in a non-ECSU capacity. "If I'm not president, I would still like to work with various organizations such as the medium II, ECARA, Drama, Residence Council. Just because I'm not president doesn't mean I can't contribute to the

school. As a matter of fact, I still want to," said DeMarinis. He reserved judgment as to the quality of next year's ECSU council.

Steve Taylor said that he plans to continue with the restructuring of ECSU, the Pub, and Radio

Erindale, which he intends to have "up and running" by September, with respect to an FM license. Of the election, Taylor stated that he felt that "bruised egos", and "hurt feelings" had come into play towards the end.

SAC
Erindale

**FREE
BARBEQUE**

**Wednesday March 30
12:00 - 1:30**

At the meeting of the roads in front of the
Crossroads Building

HARDBALL ROCKS CAFE NITE CLUB

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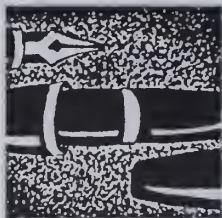
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Editorial

medium II

Students informing students

1974



1994

20th Anniversary Year

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All letters or formal complaints regarding the editorial or business practices of medium II should be addressed to: The Editor in Chief, medium II, 3359 Mississauga Rd., Mississauga, Ontario, L5L 1C6. All material must be received by Friday at noon prior to the next publication.

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Local advertising enquiries should be directed to the Advertising Coordinator of medium II, 828-5260.

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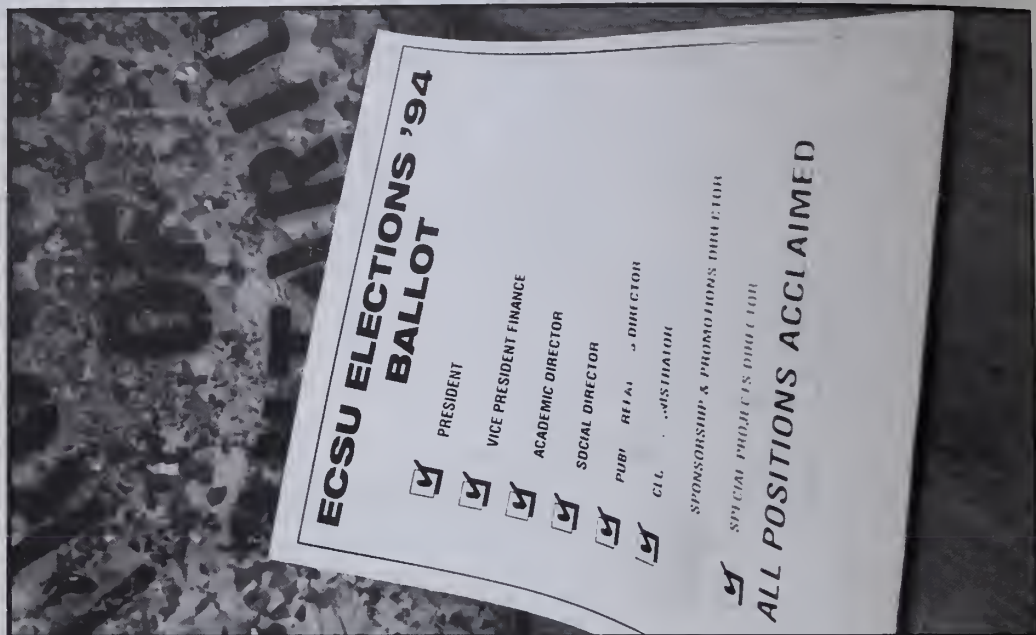
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Here it is Sunday at Midnight and Kevin is the only person left. We're delaying one day because the ECSU elections are still not completely finalized and there is a big story coming out of them. Therefore I will continue this tomorrow. Tomorrow is now Tuesday and the story isn't as big as I would have liked. Hopefully justice will still be served. We have to get the joke issue out tomorrow or else it won't come out until next week and April Fool's Day will have passed. I am looking forward to this weekend off in a huge way. Don't forget- staff meeting next Wednesday and staff brunch Sunday the 10th.



Is this the lesser of two evils?

Apparently student politics are a lot bigger deal than they once were. Controversy surrounded the Student's Administrative Council (SAC) elections, the Erindale College Student Union (ECSU) elections and the Erindale Residence Council elections. Because of space constraints, however, we will look only at the ECSU elections.

It is deeply disappointing to find both prospective candidates and current ECSU members disregarding the rules, either through intent or ignorance. One of the Presidential candidates was removed from the ballot just before the election because he was found guilty of late campaigning. The Chief Returning Officer (CRO) hired poll clerks without holding a meeting with the candidates to clear the clerks with them, resulting in at least one of the clerks being a close personal friend of one candidate. There was also a time when a member of ECSU council filled in as a poll clerk despite open support for one of the candidates. Despite these questionable practices it was decided by the Election's Committee that the situation did not warrant further action. It is ludicrous for one or two people to hire poll clerks without clearing them with the candidates and then declare that when a concern is raised it doesn't warrant further action.

The election was run using the incorrect guidelines and procedures because the CRO couldn't find the current and official ones in the office. The rules used were considerably less comprehensive. They allow for both greater flexibility in making arbitrary decisions and reduced accountability due to a lack of provisions for a variety of things. These don't seem like good things during an election.

A variety of the sections in the proper rules, a document known as Bylaw #2, were violated by the CRO during and before the election. However, the Election's Committee ruled that because these rules were not distributed to the candidates before the election the election will proceed using the incorrect rules. And we were always taught that two wrongs don't make a right.

As a defense, the CRO stated that the rules were discussed at the all-candidates meeting and nobody had a problem with them. However, according to several candidates, the rules were not discussed in such a way as to indicate there might be other rules, so why would anyone question them? They were simply there to learn what they could and couldn't do. Under the circumstances it would only be proper to declare the election null and void and do it over again. The candidates who ran a legitimately strong campaign will have no problem reconvinced voters of their merits and any concerns about the electoral process will be eradicated.

**Do you believe elections should be without controversy or problems?
Are you astounded that student elections never seem to run smoothly?
This year's ECSU elections are a perfect example.
Two appeals were filed and there are still questions being asked.**

medium II feels that these elections did not follow every rule and procedure properly, and we would like to assist in carrying out a thorough investigation.

We are asking any student who encountered any irregularity during the voting process to call

Steve at 828-5260 or drop by room F18 in the Crossroads Building. By irregularity we mean being allowed to vote without your student card, not being able to vote because of not being on the voter's list, being encouraged to vote a certain way at or around the poll station, being allowed to walk away from the poll station with your ballot, attempting to vote but finding your name crossed off or anything else which seemed unorthodox. This is an urgent matter so please contact Steve immediately. If we are to trust our student government to act for us we must be sure that the election is free of doubt. Thank you.

LETTERS

ECSU elections not impressive

Dear Editor,

The past few weeks have made me seriously question the ECSU elections. What have the ECSU elections become? I am trying to write this letter as elegantly as possible, but I am finding it hard to do. I can clearly say that some of the tactics and strategies used by some of the candidates were not at all impressive. I understand that the elections can get very competitive, but that is no reason why some of the things that did happen did. The last straw for me was when one of the presidential candidates was removed from the ballot. Every

candidate in the 1994 ECSU elections shone brightly in his or her own light. I could say that some candidates shone more brightly than others, but that would be my personal bias. And finally, I would like to say that I was not impressed by the bias view presented in medium II. This is the last thing that I would have expected from medium II. What I can only say now is that there is no reason for some of the things that were done in this election. Maybe times have changed, but that is no reason or excuse for that matter.

Name withheld at author's request

Funding problem for Career Centre

Dear Editor,

I and the staff of the Career Centre agree wholeheartedly that the Centre should be open longer hours. We reduced the hours last year when funding for a fulltime clerical support staffer was removed.

In order for the present staff complement of 2.3 to adequately serve the needs of 6,700 students and 400+ alumni we felt compelled to take this action. The 9 am - 10 pm closing period is used for group orientation to programs and to prepare for the day. The Centre is closed at 3:30 p.m. since our front-line staffer works only 30 hours a week and leaves at this

time. As with everything, the reasons relate to budgetary constraints. We're also very committed to providing quality service and offering varied and diverse programming. Our sense was that students wanted our services and programming preserved so we sacrificed our public hours.

The Career Centre's activities and staffing are presently under review. This is an excellent opportunity for students to provide input on what they value and what they wish sacrificed. I hope they'll make themselves heard.

Evelyn Ennor, Director, Career Centre

Pub staff need lesson in civility

Dear Editor,

I went to the pub last thursday as usual, only this time, for the first time in my many outings to the pub, I had forgotten my school I.D. card. Foolishly, I didn't think this would be a problem, as the bouncer on duty was the same one that was there nearly every night I went.

What ensued was a dialogue between myself and the bouncer, which I had hoped to print here as well as my memory would allow. Unfortunately, space didn't permit it, so you'll have to believe me when I say that I was being polite (it was obviously in my best interests) and the bouncer, as usual, was being surly,

uncooperative, and generally rude. At one point, he said "Git outta here, and come back when you've got it." Not exactly good PR. I'm not saying that he should've bent the rules for me, but when you're telling someone that you think they're lying about being a student (I was even wearing my U of T jacket that night) and to go and wait another 25 minutes in line, you could at least be polite about it.

When I eventually for in (the guy behind me signed me in) the person doing the coat-search snapped my head off for forgetting to undo the last button on my coat when commanded to. I held it open for her, and apparently that was offensive also, because

she irritable knocked my hands away, as if by holding my hands there I could be concealing a keg. As I gave the cashier my money, instead of 'have a nice night,' or even (God forbid) 'thank you,' I got a vulgar '...and remember your card next time...'

It strikes me as strange that we, as students, are paying for the privilege of the line-ups, the body-searches, and the rude and surly bouncers, just so we can spend our money in their establishment. The Blind Duck could certainly learn something from Loose Change Charlie's, where you're greeted with a smile and a handshake, not like you've got some highly contagious disease.

Dom Mochni

Human rights lectures planned

I am pleased to say that the St. Patrick's day Erindale Celtic club event, held last wednesday at the "Ireland Supporters Club", was an enjoyable one, and although attendance was lower than expected, our two speakers, Jim Craig and Bernard Carberry, and our D.J.'s Jahmal (Henry Medley) and Faisil, were enthusiastically received by all. Jim, a noted Irish historian and Gaelic speaker, delivered a thoroughly engrossing speech on St. Patrick and his times, drawing on material from The Confessions, while my Father read three of his poems on the themes of natural Canada and family nostalgia, concluding with a beautiful elegy to a friend who recently passed away.

Jim works with a group called Brampton Caledon Community Living, whose aim is to integrate the mentally challenged into the community, and on behalf of the club I was happy to present him with a cheque for fifty dollars as a small token of our appreciation and his hard work.

Finally, maximum respect to D.J. Jahmal and Faisil for providing us with their unique blend of Reggae and modern and traditional Celtic music for the rest of the night.

Our next event is on April 6th at the Council Chambers starting at 8pm sharp, and it is sponsored by Amnesty international. We have three speakers coming: Una Gillespie, Sinn Fein Councillor, all the way from West Belfast, Northern Ireland; Elias Hazineh, Palestinian Liberation Organization (P.L.O.) public speaker, and Abdul Moola will be speaking on International representative will get proceedings underway with an expository talk. The theme is human rights abuses in South Africa, the occupied territories, and Northern Ireland.

Tickets are 3 dollars, or a donation (proceeds go to charity), and will go on sale in the meeting place a week before the event. For enquiries, please call Colin at 607-7342, or Sean at 607-8938. All are welcome.

medium II welcomes letters to the Editor on any issue. Letters are not to exceed 300 wds. in length, and MUST be accompanied by a name and phone number for verification purposes. Names will be withheld upon request. Content which is judged to be racist, homophobic, sexist or libelous will not be published. Letters will be published at the discretion of the Editor and may be edited for brevity. However, they will NOT be edited for spelling or grammar. Priority will be given to new writers and timely topics. Please drop off all submissions to Rm. F18 in the Crossroads Building.

Unity needed for Arab students

To all Erindale Arabs:

Unity, oneness, and harmony are the words on which the Erindale Arab Students Assoc. is founded upon. The Arab community in Erindale perceived EASA as a way for Arabs to overcome their differences and work together hand in hand in building a solid Arab community within Erindale to maintain their culture and language. Differences in color, race, or religion have no place in EASA's constitution. Students from various Arab countries (Egyptians, Palestinians, Lebanese, Syrians, Iraqis, and many more) all joined to be members of EASA, on the hope that finally there is a place where they can all relate to. A place where they can find similar people that share their way of thinking and their way of life.

Sadly enough, the beautiful portrait of unity gradually started to fade away. Differences in language and thought began to creep in and find a place within EASA. Now, EASA is on the verge of breakage and unfortunately its deterioration is caused by its founder and current president, Mustafa Khuriba. In EASA's early days, Mustafa preached unity and soli-

arity. He used the words "brotherhood," "unity", and "equality" as an opium, to convince the masses of his noble goal of unification and to conceal his real and hideous objective, which is to found a separate Palestinian Assoc., of course on which he will also give himself the privilege to be its president. Aren't Palestinians Arabs after all? Or is it because Mustafa is Palestinian, he wants to have a Palestinian Assoc.? But doesn't this go against his unification call and against what he made the members believe first? Arabs have always looked forward with great hope to the day when they will all be united to the day when no differences in language or background can come between them. I know that there are many hurdles that must be overcome to achieve unity among Arabs. One day they will reach their goal. But for now and again, comes along a person that calls for the awaited change and gains the trust of his people and lets them down. So to the Arab community at Erindale I say, stick together and keep an open mind and one day you will reach your long awaited goal.

A concerned Arab

Mac lab restricting

To the Editor:

It is curious how one's first impression or understanding of a situation can sometimes be the correct one.

I confess to being rather embarrassed to discover that the computer lab was in fact open 24 hours; and not only open during the hours posted on the door; posted on the door are the hours of the office and the Kaneff building computer labs. You can imagine my colourful opinion when thinking of the computer lab's conservative hours. This little revelation, however, restored my faith in deciding to use the Mac computer for typing out my essays.

Imagine my surprise when late one evening I entered the computer lab to find only four Macs available; the adjoining room with all the other Macs was closed. It would seem my feelings of embarrassment had been pre-mature. I must have known, subconsciously, that the posted times on the office door covered more services then stated. Maybe the computer lab should add an important note to its schedule postings: Only FOUR Macs available during non-office hours. First come, First serve. And thank you the purchasing printer paper from us.

The Irony of the situation would not be so bitter except for the fact that I, and probably many other students, chose the Mac for its easy use, printing format, high quality laser printing service and "apparent" number of computers available. When you purchase paper from the computer office, with the above reasons in mind, you do not expect to learn that in practice terms Erindale has only four Macs for student "convenience."

It's frightening to discover that G.I.G.O (garbage in, garbage out) is not only a computer software concern, but also a computer lab policy concern.

Les (waiting in line for one of four Macs) Mc Donnell

medium II's candidate grading inappropriate

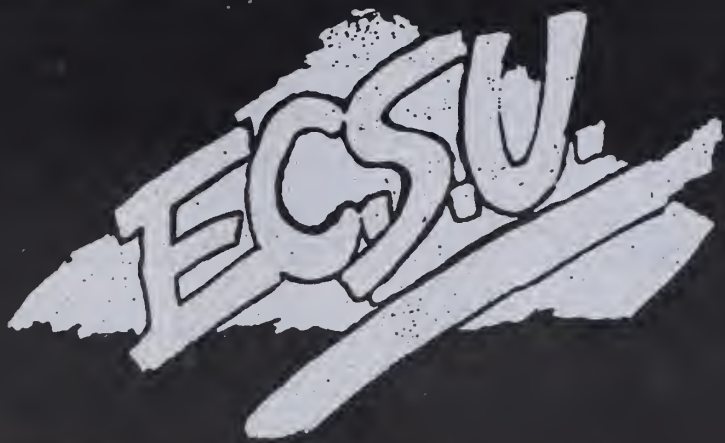
Dear Editor,

In regards to the March 21, 1994 edition of the medium II, we feel that it was completely inappropriate for the staff to impose their views upon the student population through the ECSU election supplement by assigning grades to each candidate. What standards and criteria were used to assign these grades? Are they based on actual merit or merely popularity with the medium II staff? What was the purpose of the grades? To aid students in making decisions? Giving the grades eliminated the chance of making unbiased decisions and interferes with the democratic electoral process. While, ideally, each student should take the time to actively research all candidates and their

platforms, in reality there are many students who are easily swayed and their vote will therefore be influenced by such interference. The newspaper's role is to present the candidates objectively, leaving the decision of who is best suited for the job up to the individual. To give grades slanders candidates and students alike will always wonder if a good or bad grade affected the outcome more than the candidates' own merit.

Carol Jamieson
Christy Maud

Editor's Note: While a disclaimer was included, we acknowledge that the criteria could have been more thoroughly explained. However, we intended that people only use this as a guide to learning more about the candidates.



**ERINDALE COLLEGE
STUDENT UNION
828-5249**

1994 GRAD TICKETS

NOW ON SALE!!!

Please Contact
Paula Marcelino at ECSU
for more information.

ECSU ELECTIONS '94

WE REGRET THAT, DUE TO APPEALS IN PROCESS,
THE 1994 ELECTION RESULTS ARE NOT YET OFFICIAL
AND THUS NOT AVAILABLE.

Employment Opportunities

RADIO ERINDALE

ALL PAID POSITIONS FOR 1994/95 ARE OPEN FOR APPLICATIONS

STATION MANAGER
BUSINESS MANAGER
PROGRAMMING MANAGER
PROMOTIONS DIRECTOR
NEWS DIRECTOR

ROADSHOW DIRECTOR
TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
MUSIC DIRECTOR
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR

PICK UP APPLICATIONS and contact Radio Erindale, forward
resumes to **ECSU and Radio Erindale**
attn: Station Manager, attn: Demetri Bouras (ECSU)
Appl. due March 20th for station manager, March 27th all other
positions.

ECSU

BLIND DUCK PUB

NOW HIRING FOR FULL-TIME POSITION PUB MANAGER.

This week at the **BLIND DUCK PUB**

Tuesday:
POOL TOURNAMENT!!!
LAST CHANCE TO QUALIFY FOR THE
TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS

Wednesday:
Movie & Wing Night
Tonight's Movie
"SO I MARRIED AN AXE MURDERER"

Thursday:
THE LONG AWAITED FOR, EVENT OF THE YEAR
THE ULTIMATE, THE INFAMOUS
SECOND LAST PUB NIGHT
OF THE YEAR

Friday:
CLOSED - DUE TO HOLIDAY
GOOD FRIDAY

UPCOMING EVENTS

TUESDAY APRIL 5th
POOL "TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS"
All the years winners "face off"
to determine Erindale's Best Shark

ACADEMIC STRESS?
COME RELAX AT THE BLIND DUCK!

HEY ERINDALE!...

ONLY 2 MORE PUB NIGHTS
LEFT!

PARTY INTO THE SUMMER
SEE YOU THURSDAY!!!!



WATCH HERE FOR THE COMING YEAR END EVENT.
Brought to you by the 1993, 1994
ECSU Student's Council

CLUB NOTICES



**& Amnesty
International**
Presents

**A NIGHT OF LECTURES ON HUMAN RIGHTS ABUSES IN NORTHERN IRELAND,
THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES AND SOUTH AFRICA, FOLLOWED BY AN OPEN
DISCUSSION AND ENTERTAINMENT.**

The evening will be introduced by an Amnesty International speaker, and
then these guest lecturers will follow:

- *Una Gillespie, Sinn Fein M.P. West Belfast, Northern Ireland**
- *Elias Hazineh, on behalf of the Palestinian Liberation Organization (P.L.O.)**
- *Abdul Moola, on behalf of the African National Congress (A.N.C.)**

Wednesday, April 6, 1994

8:00p.m., Council Chambers, South Building

Tickets are \$3 or a donation (proceeds go to charity).

CLUB ELECTION ANNOUNCEMENTS

***ERINDALE ENVIRONMENTAL ASSOC.**

Elections for next years' executive will be held at the next meeting
5:00pm Piano Room (fireplace lounge) all welcome as this is a general meeting
member only, will vote.

***ERINDALE CHAPTER of the HEART & STROKE FOUNDATION**
NOMINATIONS OPEN TO ALL STUDENTS FOR ALL POSITIONS
FORMS AVAILABLE ROOM 49 CROSSROADS. deadline tuesday April 5, 1994

***P.A.U.S.E. Interested in joining the executive next year?**

Social dir., Advertising Dir., Internal Dir., External Dir.,

Fill out a ballot in the Pump Room (1099 South Building) and drop it off in the Mail Box.

Features

The year 2045: not quite Star Trek

by Les McDonnell

In his book, *The Mysterious Island*, Jules Verne made a prediction, "I believe water will one day be employed as a fuel and its components, hydrogen and oxygen, used singly or together will furnish an inexhaustible source of heat and light."

Robert Bourassa updated Verne's prediction by writing, "It is now quite clear that hydrogen will play an important role in meeting the energy needs of the future." In fact, both of these predictions are in the process of becoming a reality.

Today, hydrogen is produced by four methods: electrolysis, thermochemical water splitting, photolysis and algae photosynthesis.

Electrolysis is the most widely known and most convenient technique of hydrogen production. The principal behind this method is that hydrogen and oxygen gather at oppositely charged electrodes submerged in water. Both elements bubble to the surface where they can be contained and later used.

The thermochemical splitting of water method, on the otherhand, is a multi-step process in which chemical disassociations and associations under high temperatures (700 to 1000 C) change the valences of the closed-system recycling chemistry and decompose water into hydrogen and oxygen.

This method has an advantage: heat used in generating electricity for the electrolysis process is used directly to

divide water molecules, therefore bypassing a step.

Photolysis is a means of breaking molecular bonds with incident light photons. Water can be decomposed directly by light with a photocatalyst which absorbs the visible light to break water bonds." This procedure is doomed because of its inefficiency. However, research is being conducted on the rare element rhodate; this element acts as a photovoltaic cell when exposed to sunlight, but more importantly, it splits water molecules into hydrogen and oxygen.

Algae photosynthesis--the photosynthetic is the production of hydrogen using algae and bacteria to decompose water. This process is highly promising because it is a renewing process; algae and bacteria both reproduce. This procedure relies completely on nature.

Hydrogen can also be produced through the refining of

of heat is a nuclear fusion reactor, which is impractical with today's current technology.

Of all these methods, fossil fuel refining and electrolysis are the major producers of hydrogen. However, fossil fuel produced hydrogen has impurities, reducing its efficiency and increasing its pollution output; this makes fossil processing undesirable. Also this process is reliant on a non-renewable resource. Electrolysis technology, on the otherhand, produces pure hydrogen and has become more efficient. In 1982, this process was approximately 70-80% efficient; since 1986, a new unipolar procedure has increased the efficiency to 85-90%.

This means that any current electric generating system can be used to produce hydrogen. The other methods described above, require further development to make them either more efficient or even possible. In

used in industry.

Many scientists are captivated by the idea of producing hydrogen from water cheaply enough to use as a fuel. If they could, it would open the way to a newly limitless supply of a fuel that is non-polluting.

This idea has led to the development of several devices capable of using hydrogen as a power source. Hydrogen can be used as a combustible fuel and has been demonstrated to be suitable for nearly every means of transportation (including rocket fuel), requiring little modification to present day engines. Hydrogen can also be used as jet fuel; in fact, a hydrogen-fueled airplane may be the biggest single step in aircraft efficiency that has ever been taken, making the aircraft possibly lighter, quieter, have smaller wing area, and require shorter runways and minimize pollution. Hydrogen, in the form of a hydride, is high on the list of

candidates for fuel to power motor vehicles when gasoline and other petroleum products become too expensive to use. Hydrogen, in its basic forms--deuterium and tritium--are the fuel for

fusion reactors. Another method of producing energy from hydrogen is to use fuel cells. These work by immersing two electrodes in a solution of potassium hydroxide and then bathing one in a stream of hydrogen gas, the other in a lesser amount of oxygen--simple air will supply the needed oxygen. This causes a temporary disruption of the hydrogen

"The most important advantage of hydrogen is that when it burns, it combines with oxygen to produce water, there is no carbon dioxide to pollute the atmosphere, nor are there many other pollutants, such as sulfur compounds that come from fossil fuels."

fossil fuels, such as oil and natural gas.

There is also an additional method of producing hydrogen. This method uses incredible heat to cause water to split into two basic elements. This method requires no catalyst. Unfortunately, it takes 3500 C to make water molecules split. The only system currently being researched to produce this kind

the end, algae photosynthesis is the best method: it is simple, requires the least amount of energy input (because the algae and bacteria do all the work, not man nor his machines), it's also simple to maintain and can be easily expanded to accommodate rising hydrogen requirements.

Hydrogen has several uses: as a fertilizer, fuel energy battery and as a processing component

atoms in the cell. Electrons escape from atoms near one electrode, travel across a wire to the second electrode (creating an electric current), and latch onto other atoms in the solution near it. This fuel cell system runs on hydrogen gas; water is the closest thing to an exhaust that is produced.

Hydrogen can be used as a battery. This is important because it helps power stations store surplus electricity during times of low electrical consumption, and during peak times, the power station will convert the stored hydrogen back into hydrogen, back into electricity to help meet public demand.

In the late 80's, Robert Bourassa proposed that this system be installed in Quebec's James Bay Project because it is an exceptional way of storing intermittent energy. The surplus electrical energy from any electric generating station can be stored as hydrogen; sources of electrical generation are: coal, oil, natural gas, nuclear fission, nuclear fusion, photovoltaic cells, power towers, hydroelectric, ocean thermal energy conversion, tidal energy, wave energy, wind energy, geothermal and satellite solar cells. This type of battery can also be used by industry, and this can be done while the hydrogen is being stored in any of its three states: gas, liquid, solid (and some day metallic). Finally, it should be pointed out that hydrogen can be transported by pipeline, in either liquid or gas form--this makes hydrogen a very mobile energy source.

Hydrogen is also used by industry in manufacturing products such as: ammonia, lubricants, pharmaceutical industries, soaps, solvents, silicon quartz and pure metals.

Do you



Allison Montgomery

"No. Studying history, the doesn't seem like an optimal power because man is constantly lust for power instead of satisfied with what he has."

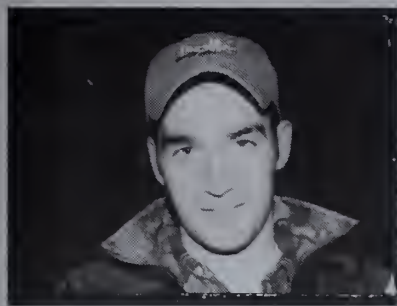


Star Trek, but we're getting there

Do you think the world will be a better place to live in 50 years?



y
the future
mistic
continually
of being
s."



Martin Borean

"Considering 50 years ago we had black and white t.v.'s, then sure, the next 50 years should bring about better times."



Stephen Reist

"No, as long as there is selfishness and greed in this world, nothing will change."

Another industrial use of hydrogen is as a coolant for superconductors. It is often used in a special high-speed computer switch called the Johnston Junction.

Hydrogen energy has its problems, however. Most of these problems can be solved by education, research and development. Hydrogen also has many advantages. The most important advantage of hydrogen is that when it burns, it combines with oxygen to produce water; there is no carbon dioxide to pollute the atmosphere, nor are there many other pollutants, such as sulfur compounds that come from fossil fuels.

Because there are no pollutants produced by burning, hydrogen is environmentally safe. The second major advantage to hydrogen is that it can be produced from all primary energy sources and therefore, is essentially a renewable energy resource because it can be produced from water, a very abundant substance. In addition, the fact that oxidizing hydrogen produces water is also beneficial. When on-board energy storage is required, hydrogen storage can be contained in several different forms such as gas, liquid or solid. The size of a hydrogen surplus energy storage facility is a fraction of the size of a hydroelectric surplus energy storage reservoir. This saves valuable land and animal life. It has been determined that hydrogen is suitable for underground storage and that such storage offers the same economic advantages as it does for natural gas. The use of renewable sources--solar, wind, tidal, wave and hydro, especially off peak hydroelectric--to produce hydrogen would cause less environmental disruption than the use of non-renewable sources.

Almost all appliances can be adapted to run on hydrogen gas, making it a likely candidate to replace fossil fuels.

Electrolytic production from sea water can yield valuable metals: copper, mercury, silver and gold. Compressed hydrogen gas can be released at low pressures, making hydrogen transportable via pipeline. The total distance hydrogen can be transported, with current technology, is 5000 kilometers. Liquid hydrogen is also a candidate for storage and pipeline transportation.

As well, hydrogen has the greatest energy per unit mass of any chemical fuel, 2.5 times the energy per unit weight of gasoline, propane and methane. Hydrogen is also cheaper to transport per unit of energy via pipeline than is electricity. Most, if not all, of our present-day natural gas and liquid fuel transport carriers, industrial processes and residential appliances can be converted to use hydrogen. Electric motors, powered by fuel cells, are highly efficient, and they do not wear out due power heating caused by combustion and engine friction.

Hydrogen, as an alternative energy, has a number of disadvantages. At the present time, it takes more energy to separate hydrogen from its compound than the hydrogen produces as a fuel. As a liquid fuel, hydrogen is difficult to transport. Hydrogen also has several safety problems in comparison to gasoline and natural gas, increasing the chance of accidents.

One of the major obstacles for hydrogen use is public concern over safety. With hydrogen technology, the threat of explosion is a constant concern. Today's major provider of

hydrogen is processed fossil fuel, which produces sulfur dioxides, carbon dioxide and nitrogen oxide. Also, today's electrolyzers emit asbestos and nickel, which are harmful to human health. Many of the new hydrogen producing methods are inefficient: photolysis, electrolysis. Hydrogen has a low energy density on a volume basis. This means it takes three times the area to store an equal amount of hydrogen energy as it does natural gas. Also, hydrogen can quickly damage materials used for hydrogen storage. For example, embrittlement is caused by hydrogen molecules penetrating and weakening the molecular structure of its containers.

In order to use hydrogen fuel efficiently, new engine designs are needed. A fuel cell requires a catalyst to aid in the production electricity, unfortunately, the best catalyst is platinum, which is very expensive. Because of this, fuel cells are not economical. Hydride tanks are complex, expensive and heavy and can take up to one half hour to charge.

Hydrogen is a very promising energy alternative. It has enormous environmental advantages over the energy systems used today. Among these advantages are the versatility of hydrogen in its numerous potential applications, hydrogen's flexibility which allows for easy storage and transportation and hydrogen as a completely non-polluting by-product of oxidized hydrogen is water.

Hopefully, as time passes and people learn, hydrogen technology will be incorporated into mainstream society. By doing this, we ensure that the future will have a good source of energy to use and a healthy environment in which to live.

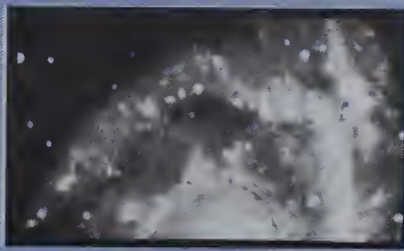
the next century...

by Christopher Barany

Trying to appropriate the future has been a fascination for mankind that dates back to man's first cave paintings thousands of years ago. Today, the fate of mankind seems a topic of even greater significance; the earth's response to his manipulation has led to an entire industry that centers around predictions of the future.

But dimstore psychics and ancient visionary scriptures share something in common besides claims of our fate: both are products of a particular society's way of questioning the nature of existence. Both probe the process of consequence, and ask us to question a supernatural force beyond that of man's material surroundings.

How we think in the late 20th century is at once vastly different and oddly familiar with what ancient cultures must



have thought like, yet the gap is further widening with the advent of micro-chip technology.

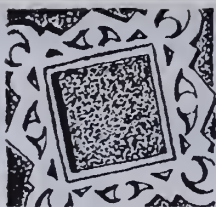
International computer networks can be accessed by just

about anyone near a computer terminal. An even wider audience can catch a snatch of American style values via a satellite television broadcast. Questions over what is real and what is fantasy seem overshadowed by the vast, enveloping grip that the mass media and global networks hold over individuals. No longer does it suffice to simply delegate tags of *fantasy* or *reality* to concepts. Slowly but surely, the sub-cultural nuances that surround the cyberpunk world are becoming increasingly relevant and accurate portrayals of man adrift in a *virtual* world. When predicting the future, we cannot ignore this effect on man's process of thought.

The next 150 years will provide a remarkable period for the study of the history of man's psychological development, and how his thoughts are implemented. With more and more micro-chips and less internal combustion, at least in the developed countries, our sonic environment will change from the low-tone, high-decibel drone of engines and furnaces to a high-pitched buzz of electrical and chip-generated energy. While this may be easier on the ears of future generations, we can only speculate on the mental effects such sounds will produce.

Shelter from the sun will be of primary concern for individuals in the near future. While man's production of greenhouse gasses in the Western world will be put aside in favor of solar and other less-polluting alternate energy sources, lesser developed countries will have little choice but to form an economic agenda handed to them by more developed countries; often this means cheap and immediate production techniques once familiar in the industrialized Western hemisphere, causing global greenhouse gas additions to remain at similar levels in the future as they are in the present. In such a divided world, the only means for *healthy* survival will be shelter for those with access to it. Urban centers encased in bubble-like domes will become a testament to an age where the phrase *survival of the fittest* will have a price tag attached.

We are standing at a threshold of the potential of computer technology. We have interacted with computers in ways that were unheard of 40 years ago. Thus, it is difficult to predict the future with much validity, for the next century could mean new developments not yet dreamed of. One thing seems clear: our world is becoming more divided between the have and the have-nots. Unity amongst humanity means more than universal access to a television screen; it means universal respect for life.



arts & entertainment

A warrior and politician, comes to life again

by Jennifer Peter

Napoleon opened at Toronto's Elgin Theatre this week. It is the largest international musical ever to originate in Canada. Well known orchestrator Andrew Lloyd Weber and collaborator David Cullen lend their talents to Canadians Andrew Sabiston and Timothy Williams, who have been in the process of developing *Napoleon* for the past eight years. Musical director Donald Chan completes the production team for *Napoleon*.

Napoleon is the story of the rise and fall of one of history's most prominent figures. We see his life revealed before us, from his rise to power, first meeting with Josephine, to his eventual defeat and separation from his beloved. Both a warrior and a diplomat, Napoleon is dragged into the French political system. He was a man who received near absolute power and who was corrupted by it.

An interesting thing I learned from this production was that *Napoleon* instigated many positive changes in France, a public educational school open to anyone from any class of society. The history I had learned taught me of his tyranny and dictatorial ways. The Elgin Theatre's *Napoleon* was truly a much more feeling and caring man than I had once perceived him to be.



Lucien and his brother Napoleon an excellent performance by both actors.

There were a few negatives about the production. Considering it had a budget of four million dollars, I was surprised at how sparse the stage sets were, although the costuming

made up for this small fact. Also, *Napoleon* was constantly leaning forward; I wondered if he was going to fall over. Lastly, the two lead or central voices in my opinion were those of Josephine

(actress Akine Mowat) and Lucien (actor Shawn Wright). They played the roles of Napoleon's first wife and his brother. The two people in France who truly loved

Napoleon, and yet he rejected them both. Napoleon's voice did not even compare to these two. Granted, Jerome Pradon (Napoleon) has a great voice, but it seemed as if he was holding back and not allowing his full range to be heard. It's a shame because when he did let go his vocals were amazing.

Many aspects of the play were entertaining such as the music. Sabiston and Williams eight years of work has paid off well because the music works really well with the play. Also, the costuming was great. After an episode in Napoleon's life had occurred five women would come out and sing a little stint giving the audience an update; their costumes were elegant and beautiful. They looked like upper class French ladies gathering together to gossip. The only costumes I did not care for were those of Josephine. It seems as if they tried too hard to make her look like *Napoleon's* elder. She was part of the French elite, and yet she always looked as if she was wearing a nightgown.

The ending of the play was abruptly beautiful. *Napoleon* wraps up his life for both himself and the audience.

Napoleon has once again made history, only this time he has done it in Canada.

Arts listings

Music

Crowded House. Massey Hall, 178 Victoria St. \$26.50 - \$29.50. April 25.
The Afghan Wigs. Lee's Palace, 529 Bloor St. W. \$12. April 1.
NKOTB. The Palladium, 635 Danforth. 466-7072. \$25. April 5.
Blue Rodeo and Molly Johnson. Danforth Music Hall, 147 Danforth. 778-8163. \$29.50. April 8-9.
Wool. Lee's Palace, 529 Bloor St. W. 532-7383. \$10.50. April 13.
Wrench, Male Order Brides and Another Fine Mess. Clinton's Bar, 693 Bloor St. W. 535-1429. \$5. March 23.
Green Day. Opera house, 735 Queen St E. 466-0313. \$11. March 24.
Tori Amos. Convocation Hall, King's College Circle, U of T. \$20. March 26.



Molly Johnson plays Danforth Music Hall on April 8 and 9.

Cheap Trick. RPM, 132 Queen's Quay E. 869-1462. \$19. April 2.
Carcass. Lee's Palace, 529 Bloor St. W. 532-7383. April 6.
Sarah McLachlin. Convocation Hall, King's College Circle, U of T. \$21.50 - \$25.50. April 16-17.
An Evening with Pink Floyd. Exhibition Stadium. \$22.50 - \$37.50. July 5-6.

Theatre

Cannibal Cheerleaders on Crack. Billy Bermingham's apocalyptic farce, set in the future when earth turns to hell, comes to Toronto featuring a Canadian cast. Indefinite run. Fri-Sat, 8pm & mid. Sun, 8pm. \$12.50. Poor Alec Theatre, 296 Brunswick. 598-1900.
Breaking Legs. A comedy by Tom Dulack about a naive playwright who seeks funding from mobsters. Starring Pat Harrington (One Day At A Time). Until May 1. Stage

West, 5400 Dixie, Mississauga. 238-0042.

Napoleon. The first preview of the largest international musical to originate in Canada. Opens March 23. Tues-Sat 8pm, Wed-Sat mat. 2pm., Sun, 3pm. \$45-\$80. Elgin Theatre, 189 Yonge. 872-5555.

Come Good Rain. This play chronicles the reckless abandon with which rulers of the "Pearl of Africa" became its own festering curse. As he pursues his studies and becomes leader of the student movement against current political state, our hero is swept up in the polarized tide of the power struggles. Opens March 9 - March 26. Tues - Sat. 8pm. \$17 - \$20. The Canadian Stage Company, Upstairs Stage, 26 Berkley Street. 368-3110.

Clean. Jeannie, who has spent her entire life labeled as crazy, returns to her home in Toronto as her mother lies in a coma in a B.C. hospital. While searching for personal

effects she sees as vital to her mothers recovery, Jeannie finds herself confronting the many demons of her past including mental illness, child abuse and the ever elusive mother/daughter relationship. Opens March 24 - April 3. Wed - Sun. \$7 - \$15. All evening performances at 8pm, Sun at 2:30pm. Factory Studio Cafe, 125 Bathurst Street at Adelaide. 864-9971.

Art Galleries

Blackwood Gallery. Art and Art History Student Exhibitions. March/April. Erindale College, University of Toronto. Come out and support your local Erindale artists and see what they are up to and what their work is like.

Interference Hologram Gallery. Holograms by Bruce Evans, until March 31. 1179A King W., Ste 008. 535-2323.
Arts on King. Graduate work from students of Sheridan

Expressions

medium 99's Annual Literary Supplement Contributors:

Adana Kruczynski

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Helen Van Haren

Dablo Garrido

Michael Laska

Kelly Thompson

Gina Annetta

Ranjit D. Ebenezer

Kari Ross

Jae Gill

Pablo De Lucas

Simon P. Crawford

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Cover Photo & Design: Geoff Scott

A wire claw designed with intent
 Intent to extrapolate a soul my soul.
 After death there is life my life.
 No longer inside of me a part of me
 but spewed on to the floor.
 Death and discomfort but
 whose life is it, anyway?

 All i want is my life
 to be my own
 Here, I lie;
 my cross beneath me but
 i am detached
 Not a crucifix
 though my sweat fools me
 it pretends to wash away my sins
 My sins I am willing to die for.
 shall i shock you
 just take my hand
 Then will you bend for me?

 SPLAT.
 Words on a page.
 Direction? Irrelevant.
 "No!" is the answer.
 But i wasn't asking
 (not in so many words)
 But words mean
 nothing
 -DEAD END-
 That's not what i
 wanted
 (selfish dialect)
 Intrigue with
 everything.
 a firm hand shaking
 my life
 Upside down
 (or at least sideways)
 "In God we trust"
 I want to be your God
 (for awhile)
 But without the pressure

 It tears through a heart;
 the rape of a
 mind.

The victim unaware
 of her reward from god.

Her hero pushing
 through
 her life.
 Her soul left
 battered by corruption left
 ashamed by justice left
 alone by god.

 My fingers grasp my ideas and
 pull them out in clumps
 But they're of no use
 detached from the roots
 So you see
 i am not selfish
 i cannot share
 My ideas would only fester
 inside someone else.

 so, here i am
 once again
 in the dark
 with barely enough light
 for sight
 let alone revelation.
 My hands are useless
 they so easily
 let you slip away

 Time draws with a
 pointed vengeance
 upon his face but still he feels
 no pain. No tears
 roll down his carved out cheeks.
 He does not stand as tall but
 just as proud of memories
 memories he has forgotten.
 The music plays however faint
 upon his mind
 with a slight regret
 the tune he has forgotten.

He feels the emptiness
 he knows it is there and
 sometimes

he forgets and talks aloud
 a little ashamed
 a little flushed
 but soon he has
 forgotten.

Though others
 remember

to soothe their
 sleepless nights
 but now he has
 fallen asleep.
 His face still
 carved but
 he can no longer
 hear the music
 the tune he
 could never
 quite recall.

 Yes

i am greedy
 but i hide it well
 i would soak it all in
 if it weren't for my
 damned capacity
 my arms are sore from

reaching
 my back

from bending
 my mind from sifting
 this is my personal gold rush
 crazed minds empty

pans full of sand
 boots full of water
 the disregarding of
 the faint call of reason
 well, I AM listening
 though my needs are mixed
 with sand and sieve
 slipping through the cracks of
 my fingers
 but You catch the final drop
 slowly rising you look straight
 into me and swallow.
 You ate my only need!
 arms raised you twirl
 Victory.

 but holding on would only
 cause a struggle
 and i'd rather not
 feel you pulling away.
 The clock in front of me is
 suspended
 at this moment
 i think of you
 out of my life
 but one foot sure felt good.

Untitled
 by
 Kari Ross
 (each line separates
 the poems)

PHAZE

I must be known now
That the moon is the sun
With the lights turned
low
And the sand in the
hourglass
Is like a caged animal
Everytime the page in a
book turns
Someone's life changes
And the Devil
Was the DJ at my prom
But the dove born with-
out wings
Still flew better than the
rest
Explain:

Born with two sides
Confusion of which to
express
Time slips away
But the next life will start
it again
Life isn't stable
Nor are people
Pride is the son
Of evil
Determination
Sets one free.

Understand:
The next time Fate tells
you to run
Say no.

STING

She was running
From those who gave her life
Hiding in shadows
And dreaming of peace
It wasn't freedom she desired
Only a warm home
She survived so much mental
torture
But knew she could not
endure
All her life.

Loving strangers
Because they could never
harm her
Hating family
Because they controlled her
mind
And barred her heart
Most of her life.

She was running
Towards some spiritual resur-
rection
She hoped
For the rest of her life.

She was running
From the lies that were born
into her



by
**Jass
Gill**

SLEEP

Cut short in the middle of a
sentence
I felt our love was

Yet the sand continues to
slip through

To find you gone forever
Might as well have cut my
heart out

And how am I supposed to
love again
When the purpose has
shattered

And time was supposed to
heal this

Sleep again darling
Just another phaze

DOVE

Your golden tears
Crash to the worn floor
And I have none
Yet my heart still bleeds
Slowly
To mix with your dried anger
And every Night
I'm buried in you old sweat-
shirt
Every moment buried in
memories
Rising and falling out of old
dreams
In them walking together in
unnamed places
Knowing we've been there
before
Slowly
Remembered
Because souls don't forget
Even though we stand on
either side

See a whirlpool eat up my
heart
And even in death
You hold out yours
Your life crashed
And mine will drown
In the same broken tears
You gave to me
Slowly
I'm still waiting for the moon
You promised
That would watch over me
Forget it now
I think IT was so selfish
Gave me my heart's desire
and then stole it
Left me with nothing but a
worn sweatshirt
And golden tears
Dead in my bed.

Love and Death

*Today is the day
when the moon shines again.
I don't have much to say.
That's neither a poem, neither a
complaint.*

*I've loved you for so long,
but time has no meaning.*

*This is the last song
that from me will be coming.*

*Once upon a time
we were together, forever,
and the life was like a wine,
the love stronger then ever...*

*But then I came back,
and saw him with you
I've lost my luck,
with my luck I've lost you...*

*Now when I'm sitting down,
and his blood is shining on my
hands.*

*I cry like a clown.
Forever I've lost you, and my
friends.*

*I've killed him for you.
I'm the only one for you.
I hated when he was near you,
and when he was touching you.*

*I still have the knife in my hand
by which I will kill myself.
You were my harbor, my land.
Today I'm a man, tomorrow an elf.*

*I'm as stupid as can be,
and as crazy in love.
Please, forgive me.
When I see you my mind is off.*

*My eyes can't stop crying,
and my hands shake.
It's so good for you dying
even though my heart breaks...*

*My tears mix with blood.
In them I see only you.
Even though I'm dying, I'm glad
for I've known you...*

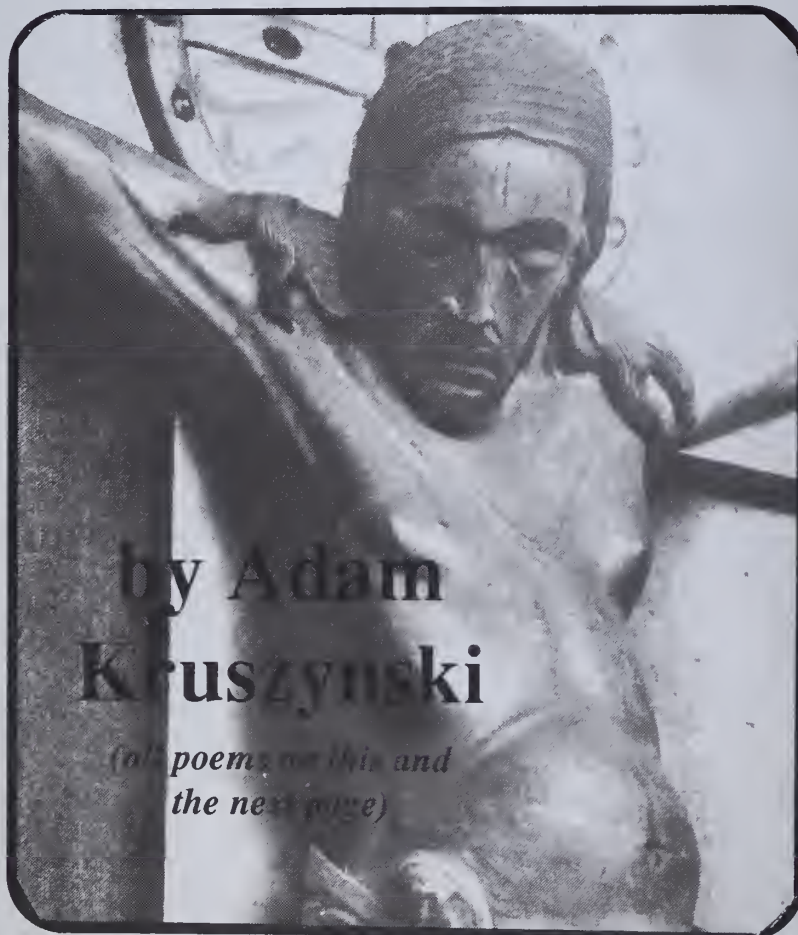
The Day of Victory

*I am running out of steam...
I run out of rope...
I am very, very, very tired.
I don't know how much longer I
can stand lying to myself.
I can't stand creating what does-
n't exist and convincing
myself it
does.*

*I am longing.
I am longing for truth and free-
dom.
I am longing for home.
I am tired of chains.
I want to let it go, but I don't have
enough guts to do it.*

*I can only prolong it...for how
long?
It hurts and every day it is grow-
ing.
My heart is dying!
I may be only tomorrow.
My memories of her are dying.
She is dying in my heart...
...and no one can really see
the pain in my heart.*

*No one can help me.
It is only me and my chains.
Which one is stronger.
They became a part of me.
I don't want to let them go.
...but I have to...I have to...I
must!*



*by Adam
Kruszynski*

*(all poems on this and
the next page)*

From God

*When the tears clean the pain from
your heart,
When you feel that your life was
never fair,
When you think you stand alone
and it's hard:
I am always there for you and I
care!*

*When your thoughts fight each
other over you,
When you feel like your mind is
going insane,
When all you see are shades of blue:
Remember I will care and will not
blame.*

*When you see your parents fight
sometimes;
When you want to disappear for a
moment or to hide;
When you hate yourself, your face,
your eyes:
You are never alone. I'm always on
your side.*

*When you go to school and nothing
gets into your head,
When everybody forgets that you
exist,
When every single thing in your life
goes bad:
You are not alone - so fight, make a
fist.*

*No matter who you are and what
you do,
If, you look for me and if you hope,
Even if how to find me you have no
clue:
I will always help you to fight and
to cope.*

*I will help you if you will only let
me.
You must believe in me and in my
love.
I am the only reason for you to live,
to be.
Don't look at problems. With me
you are above.*

Stars

*Like creator's lost magic
dust
the stars are spread around
the sky.
Some of them pass through
our eyes fast.
They just light up, run,
then die.*

*They look like lost souls
traveling in the dark uni-
verse.
After so many rises and
falls
they were placed in this
verse.*

*Look, there is one passing
now,
dazzling, rich of life and
light.
Why do they travel, how?
Why do they change the
dark of the night?*

*There is one great and
bright,
full of hope, full of power.
It's standing straight like a
knight.
It's here every night, every
hour.*

*Who are you: traveling
strangers?
Why to us do you send
your words?*

*This world is full of dan-
gers.
You don't have any shields
or swords.*

*You remind me of all of us;
of people from close and
far,
of souls that we know
around us.
You give me ideas of who
we are.*

*Do you see the one that's
cutting the sky that's blue*

.....That's You

The Warrior of Love...

*I am the warrior of love !!!
I have come from the skies of Heaven
to challenge you, and so I'm throwing my glove.
I shall protect everything I believe in.*

*In my hands you can see a great sword.
Through my eyes you can see my heart and spir-
it.
I will fight till I die. I'm giving you
my word.
You will find all the faith and love in it.*

*My soul is ready for all the sacrifice.
My body is ready to die at any moment.
I will never fear or close my eyes.
God will guard each of my movements.*

*My sword was made of all of the
greatness:
the morning dew, the innocence
of a baby,
understanding, faith, hope, forgiveness,
and love, and belief. My only weapon it shall be.*

*All the rest I have is the spirit and body,
and the eyes of God always looking at me.
My clear mind will never be cloudy.*

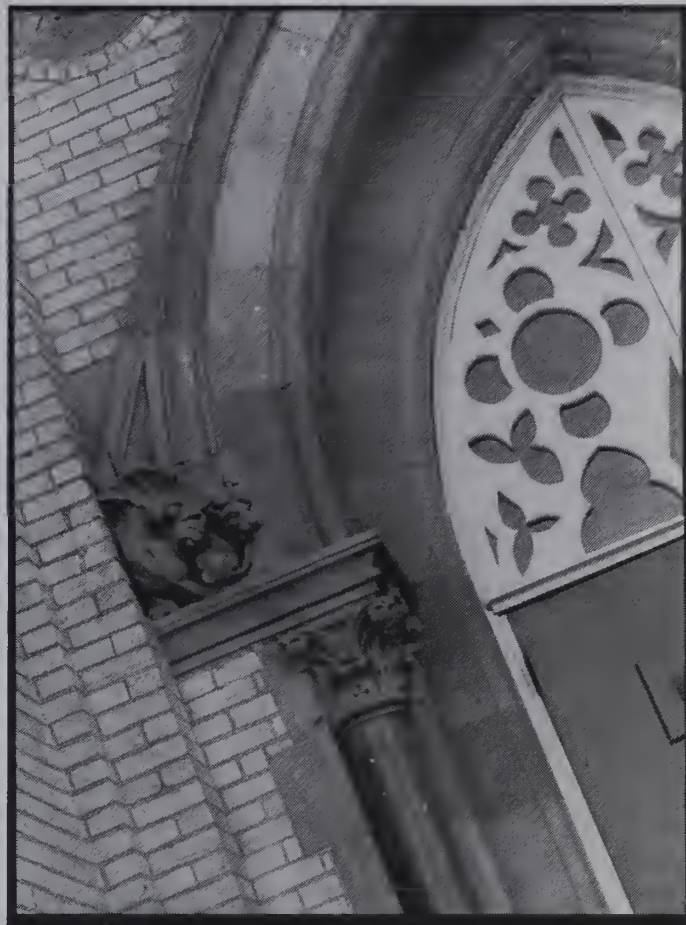
*In this challenge I have found the
reason to be.*

*And so I challenge you whatever
you are.
I challenge the pain, nothingness,
and time.
I shall blind you with my power like
a great star.
I know I can never succeed. You will always be
fine.*

*You are all that's evil.
You represent death and sadness.
You are the life's most feared devil.
You are the cause. You are the nest.*

*I know you have not lost a battle yet
but in this challenge I find the purpose of life.
I shall always fight and never forget
never to give up even though I can feel the hurt-
ing knife.*

*I shall fight for all I love and believe.
I found my greatest enemy in you.
What you did to others I can never forgive
therefore I CHALLENGE YOU !!!*



Death

by Adam Kruszynski

I am sick. I have a headache and a running nose. I also have chest pains. I have dearie. I am very weak. Sometimes I can't even move. Every time I want to speak some strange and unpleasant sound comes out from my mouth. I have to tell you something you might not want to know. This sickness...this sickness cannot be cured. Yes. I have no way out. So much hope in my life is now crushed. I cannot deal with it. It is irreversible. I keep taking pills just to sustain me, so I can MAY BE live till tomorrow. I go to sleep not knowing if I will get up tomorrow...tomorrow...what is tomorrow? I am scared. I am so scared not opening my eyes tomorrow. I don't want that. This sickness I have...I do not know for how long I have been sick. Seems it has been all my life. Before I was not aware of its' meaning, but now... can you imagine not getting up tomorrow? Sometimes it makes me crazy. I hear sounds, words, laughing; I see faces and places...I just scream and try to fight it just to await for the next time when the event will

happen again. Death..." What's the sickness?"-you ask. This sickness jumps into eyes of so many people I cannot even count them. This sickness freezes the breath that says its name. This sickness brings nothing but tears and suffering and fears and sadness...and all the wonderful things that this world can offer. There is no cure for it. For so many tears people tried to find it, but there is no such...it cannot be found. I am fighting a battle I cannot win. I do not know if I know if I will live to see the sun tomorrow. I do not know if in a second my heart will stop or my brain will go crazy. How would you feel if you would have to await your end knowing you cannot do anything about it. This sickness of mine is in my every move, it became my shadow. It is my enemy. It is my companion day or night. This sickness destroys the body and cripples the spirit. Even though all this already started to bring me closer to death it also brought me closer to life. I am so happy it has happened. What I am doing now is not just affirmations to make me feel better. I am quite serious and kind of surprised of the truth. I am happy it has happened. It has changed my life not into a night mare

but into a miracle...for at least two reasons. I might be offending someone what of course is something I don't want to do. There is God (or something of that type). This is not affirmations or wishful thinking. For one day I was laughing my head off when I realized how obvious that is. On the other side what people made out to God is even a better laugh...and a complete 'humiliation'. The second thing happens when you find out you will lose everything when you die, and you can die at any moment...then you learn what is really important in life. One thing for sure-you learn how to appreciate time. You do more in a day than you would normally do in a week. You start doing things that are important. You realize there is no point in fear, pain, anger, sadness...and they never happen again because they are not the creations of or environment which we cannot control. They are ours...

See you later...where ever it might happen to be.

"...What a folly to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard for throwing it away by parcels and pieces..."

by John Howl

True World

This world full of deceit and compromise,
full of selfishness, no sacrifice
where everyone takes the easy way out...
I hear only whispers, but I want to shout.

Once full of hope, ideals and fire,
so much passion, so much desire,
so free in spirit, innocent in soul,
constantly striving for one awesome goal,

so true to oneself and so true to many,
so great and free...although a penny...
that it would give your only life for it.
You never thought you'll be there to kill it.

So slowly you change and you do not see
what you became and what you will be.
A part of you dies slowly inside.
Don't you see what's wrong? You cannot hide!

You say: '...ideals are stories and tales...'
and with time the dream plan fails.
You say: '...perfection can never be found...'
Wait! Look! You left it behind.

You say: '...with time you'll see what's real...'
and life is not fair and never ideal,
and then you help this gray world happen again.
Of course it's not perfect. Of course it's not fine.

Well let me speak of my dreams and my tears,
let me reveal my joy and my fears,
and I believe in world that's ideal
and don't you dare say it is not real.

What? Life doesn't go the way you want it...
but did you give your whole life to try it?
You can't help it. The world is grey.
Of course it is if that's what you say.

But I will not help you to make it so.
I will not compromise. I will not go.
And even if so grey are my tools...
I will not give up like you, you fools.

For life can be awesome if you won't waste it.
Pure white can be found and you can taste it.
Don't you dare tell me there is no such.
Tell me...why do we love kids so much?

Solacing Solitude

by Pablo De Lucas

The further I hiked with my dog following after me, the more was I urged to move on. Immediately reaching an exit from the woods, I set foot on a glade, lush with fescue grass, and laid down my backpack, along with my folding chair and duffel bag. Save for the cliff's edge located at the farthest end of the clearing, I was enclosed with pine trees. It was here that I opted to settle, commanding a view of both the lake and distant townscape.

Having familiarized myself with the surroundings, I pitched my tent and stored all my provisions inside it. Before long, I began to gather wood and bundles of foliage in early preparation for a fire. Designating an area for the bonfire, I removed a patch of grass and encircled it with stones. I then took to axing some logs. The chore reworded me with perspiration and cool.

This done, I sat in my lawn chair and quaffed a soda. Alongside me, Chuck, my ever faithful golden retriever, rested; above, a fleet of white cumulus scud from one horizon to the other.

Induced with nostalgia, I could not but already think of Sibyl. Suffice it to say that she and I were never a couple but intimate friends.

Overhead, western meadowlarks chased one another in tandem and courtship. A sauntering cloud eclipsed the sun's vigour, creating a vast blanket of shade to whisk away the glare on the conservation park. I arose from my chair and made for the lake.

The shore was composed of shale rocks and limestone walls. As there was not another soul in sight, I played a game of fetch with my dog awhile. After Chuck grew tired of dog-paddling, I came upon a lodge along shore with a man whistling and whittling the tip of a stick. On his back, the bearded man wore a tartan shirt of black and red checkered flannel. On his head, there was a black cap with a forest officer's insignia. Seated in a deck chair not unlike my own, he motioned me to a nearby tree stump beside a feeding raccoon. The lake lay ahead, hissing and hushing intermittently.

The park warden politely invited me to sup with him. It was an offer I was not about to refuse. Philosophizing until dark, nothing of what Ray and I had said that night will ever change the world, but that's the whole grace of it.

As I walked off with my dog, my host asked me, "Say, what's your dog's name, anyhow?"

"Chuck," I answered. "And your raccoon? What do you call him?"

"Friend."

At the fireside, I raised my can of medicinal beer and proposed a toast to all the lovelorn in the world. Dreaming of whatever, or whomever, dogs do, Chuck slept quietly by me, chin on ground.

By the time that the fire subsided, I unzipped the flap of my tent and sprawled therein on my back, leaving only my head outside. Before drifting asleep, my eyes caught sight of a snared meteor sever the crisp night in two.

Suffering from what seemed to be a case of lunar lunacy, I joined the coyote in a chorus of wooing howls.

The morning air revived my soberness. At shore, I soon discovered the tiny pier which Ray had mentioned the night before and I sat down at the furthest end. With my legs draping over the edge of the creaking dock, I secured a wriggling worm onto the eye of a fishhook, cast my reel and waited patiently for the first nibbles.

The scent of seaweed and the glitter of sunlight off the lake's water soon prompted a memory of my grandfather and the day I caught my first pike.

I suppose not all of God's creations were meant to be easily taken, or let go of, without reverence—just like the fish I once threw back into its lake, and the grandfather who God took away from my life.

Lounging idly again in my lawn chair, I surveyed the lake and looked back on another episode of my youth. I was about to enter my house, I remem-

bered, for lemonade when I heard Sibyl's shrill cry. Below the veranda, I saw what was my former dog hanging by the neck from his leash tied to a rail. Several feet above ground, his limp body was motionless. Racing to him, I lifted his body, dug into my pocket for a jackknife and frantically cut at the collar. Cradled in my arms, his wheezing lungs made an effort to whimper as a gout of blood visibly dripped from the side of his mouth. His neck had snapped.

Falling to my shins, I rocked my collie forward and backward as he licked my arm. All I could do was hold him and turn to Sibyl, soundlessly asking her what I could do.

She laid a gentle hand on my back and knelt down with me, giving all that she could, her affection, as if to apologize for the world.

I cannot remember precisely when the dog died, but on that hot afternoon in midsummer—my face buried in Sibyl's lap—she for the first and only time heard me cry.

Shortly after the death of my collie, I bought Chuck when he was a puppy to forget my loss. From that day forward, there was not a night in his life that we didn't slept together in the same room, hearing one another's movements throughout the night. Charles himself lived to be an old dog and eventually grew blind. On the night that he was to be put to sleep, I remember lying over the covers of my bed by myself in the town house Chuck and I had owned. Bereaved, I held a photograph close to me that was taken of Chuck and me sitting together on my sofa. I mourned him in the same way I had my other dog, except this time I cried not as a boy, but as a grown up man.

The photograph still stands to this moment at my bedside, so that the last thing I see before falling asleep each night is my old golden retriever. In the picture, I have my arm around his back.

I miss you Chuck.

While chopping another batch of logs for the fire, I sensed that I was being watched. To the right of me was Chuck, wallowing in the cool shade of my canvas, and to my left I saw a girl of blonde hair by surprise. Standing at the edge of my grass clearing was Sibyl, in jeans and bloused with a black shirt. She got the message I had left on my answering machine.

After an exchange of expressionless gazes, Sibyl started casually towards

me as I unhand the helve of my axe. Smiling at my unkempt hair and stubble, she went on tiptoe to hold me.

There is a proverb that states, "excess of sorrow laughs, and excess of joy weeps." At that moment, with Sibyl in my arms and her head nestled on my shoulder, I—closer to her than Ryan could ever be—was overcome by shouting laughter.

Sibyl was engaged to marry Ryan in less than two months. That night, we talked underneath a woolen blanket in the firelight until late into the night, just as we have always done since we were kids.

When we decided to finally turn in, I smothered the dying embers of the fire and crawled inside the tent, giving Chuck a goodnight pat. Beside Sibyl, who lay on her side facing away from me, I snuggled next to her back. Loverlike, I rested my arm gently around her waist. Thinking her asleep, I leaned over and breathed in her ear, "I love you, you know."

Some moments after, I felt a hand pressing mine.

By Sibyl's persuasion, Chuck and I agreed to return with her to town where our empty town house awaited us. We dismantled the frame of my tent and fastened our knapsacks before carrying the load to Ray's lodge. Sibyl and I breakfasted with Ray for our last meal. I afterwards bade the park warden farewell, thanked him heartily and extended the hand of fellowship, which was firmly taken in his.

This done, I took my leave, thus marking the end of my hermetic retreat. Joining Sibyl, I held her by the waist with one hand and carried my bulky duffel bag with the other, setting forth to her car. My dog cantering closely ahead of us, I and my lady friend ambled homeward along the lakeside under a sky of lavender. Glancing over my shoulder one last time, a smile crossed my face when I saw a man laughing with his raccoon friend perched on his lap.



Fading... The Wind

How can I love you
When all you do is betray
me
Thoughts of you flash in
my mind
Filling my reservoirs of
despair and loneliness;
How can I think of you
When thoughts of you just
do me harm
Stinging and spiteful
Lodging itself in the
crevices of my shattered
heart;
Why does your memory
haunt my soul
Why does it bury itself
into my very existence
Why are you so real to me
and yet so far?
Do you shudder at the
reality of my obsessive
thoughts?
Would you love me as
passionately as you
once did?
Were you real...or
just an image
in my
mind?

The wind whispers
to me softly
Its voice echoes
It lingers, then is
gone
Yet, it always
returns
With more news:
More sadness,
More heartache,
More sorrow.
I pity the wind
For it sees all, hears
all, knows all;
No doorways can
block it
As it seeps through
the cracks
No wall can stop it
from entering and
breaking through.
I pity those
Who hear the wind;
For reality sinks in
and humanity's
sin.



LIFETIMES

I awoke in the morn-
ing
The light burned my
eyes
Throughout the day
walked through a
field
A field of daisies,
roses, and clovers
The sky was blue
and clear
The air was fresh
and new
Then in the
evening I wore
A sparkling red
dress
The moon shone
brightly
I was in ecstasy
Then nighttime
arrived
I slept...
And all that was left
Were mornings to
come.

King of Dreams

Whirlwinds pasted along the crevices,
Of cobbly, cemented, web-covered slabs;
Dreams forgotten, lost and stolen,
Smeared from grime and dust and
sand,
Grey around it, engulfing and smoth-
ered,
No hint of brightness or colour or light;
Dark black
corners brooding, mysterious,
Unknown to all except the Chosen;
Pick it up, beggar man—don't you
stop,
Grab the dirt between the slabs,
Don't miss an ounce, that precious
sand,
Is gold in your fingers,
Not dust in your hands.
Clear the webs, its silky strands,
To make fine
clothing, suits
and gowns,
Of brilliant colour and style and flash,
Pick up your gold dust and silk to
weave,
And prepare for the Ball tonight to
dance
your merry way along the hall,
Of Knights in all your Palace grand;
Oh, King of Dreams, don't leave this
place,
You must understand we are a dis-
grace...

All poems
by Tina
Arriana

Rising to Submersion

by Simon P. Crawford

There's a sucking wind that scrapes across the corn fields in late day. It winds itself up and coils in the valley, building until it mounts the ridge and comes west. Then it blows and sucks all in the same breath, over the houses and on - curling up the road. The stalks go every which way and the dust coats your lenses and sits between the threads of your shirt. Only the last evening sun breaks it, throwing orange shafts through the settling air as the cloud heads further west still. You can follow it as it goes its way - back and forth across the land - heading to the next town and further, until it sets down quietly somewhere. Some folks thought was a twister once, seeing it wind the way it does.

Then after dinner, and with roast pork filling the row, the women come out on their steps and thresholds with buckets and brooms. They get to sprinkling water across the porches, first away from themselves and then in closer and up to their feet, holding the dust down - keeping it from rising. Then they sweep.

Clear up the road and down, all the ladies were out sweeping - their aprons stuffed with oven mitts and dishcloths. At the bottom of the row - the one row that constituted the town - on the end porch, a man in black trousers came out - his blond hair cropped short, parted down the middle and hanging in an arch over his forehead. He threw his smiles up the row and moved his hand to tip his hat, which not being there, left him with the motion of pushing his hair back. He lifted his bucket and with a smooth even swing, emptied the water in a spray across the porch. The colored water ran off the porch to the violets underneath. He turned inside, then came out a moment later with the bucket filled. He rinsed off the porch with a second little torrent. Putting the bucket down, he returned inside, leaving them to their sweeping. The sky had taken on the half grey of dusk and the sun immersed, red and falling into the end of the road.

A full fitting lady stopped sweeping and sunk her fingers deep into her flower trough. Her glasses made her eyes big and her hair thrashed up over her head in so many curls that it gave the look of a scrubbing pad. She pressed in around the roots. *That there is a breath of new air to this town. That there's a thing we've been wanting. And look how he keeps things as they should be - fixed up and tidy - like no man I've seen. Looking at what he's done there, makes a body think that's the house of God, and right on our street too.* And her neighbor gave a knowing nod and paddled across her porch with her corn broom - sprinkled and swept - sprinkled and swept - forming a little ant hole at her feet. The road grew

dimmer as they dwindled indoors, and the last orange shafts shot up from the sun already sunk, leaving a row of pale porch lights.

The morning had all the feel of breathing in deep. Doormats hung over the railings - waiting for a good beating - and silver curlers popped out of upper windows - opening one...disappearing ...coming out at another - letting the cool air run through the rooms. The preacher came out on his porch and smiled up with a God bless at the morning faces as they appeared. And from up the road came the figure of a woman, full chested and straight and older than the town. She wore a checkered kerchief, tied at the neck so that it formed a brim at the front and shaded her eyes from the sun. Her sun dress hung loosely on her shoulders and dropped just below the knees, giving way to her yellow stockings. Over her shoulder was a bag - a little worn and stuffed tight with clothes - giving her the look of running away from home.

The eyes followed her as she came and stopped on the preacher's lawn, pressed down her dress and looked up at him. *There's been some stir about you - the kind of stir that we ain't seen for some time, or any time for that matter.* Her voice rose just enough to reach the ears that strained up the row. *And well, it's been a purging. We all felt it. You've brought the Lord back to this town and well, we're up to taking him in our arms and squeezing him for all he's worth...like an orange.* And she held up an orange to hit it home - to show how she had it all straight, what she was saying. The preacher threw her a smile and stood at the edge of his steps. He looked down at her and fixed on her like she was in a pew. *Ma'am...before you can eat any orange, you gotta peel back the skin - bit by bit - and get to the pulp. Then you suck out the juice and you spit out the seeds. And ma'am, the word of God is in your hand there just waiting to be peeled. The kingdom of the heavens is just aching to be sucked in to you. And what you learn ma'am, you gotta spit out. You gotta spit out the seeds and do the Lord's sowing. You gotta take him in and then plant him all around. You do that ma'am and you got yourself salvation - that's a cleansing ma'am - that's washing your robes clean.* He showed his teeth and she stared up, swallowing the sum of it all and feeling the holy spirit in the air, coming from his front door. *Amen* - the heavy neighbor with the big eyes answered a little louder than she meant. The preacher ran his hand across the open neck of his collar and turned to meet the amen. The morning sun caught his back, making him a black figure against the bright. *That's right ma'am. You and all these folks is the salt of the earth and the power and the glory of his word. You're the Ruths. You're the Naomis. You're*

the Sarahs. And you got the word of the Lord written on your hearts and your names written in the book. All of you. He stood there, his arms at full side's stretch, and he took them all in with this embrace. The lady on the lawn went down on her knee for a moment and praised the Lord with a voice from her belly.

From the porch the big eyes set on him - his polished shoes and his fine cut. She was feeling the women behind her so she looked up the row where they watched - nodding and blessing - and smiled in her way of marking to them her place with the preacher. *We gotta have ourselves a gathering. We gotta get folks together and get 'em acquainted - to meet the preacher and all. This afternoon, with cakes and biscuits by the river. Like a regular picnic.* And she turned to the preacher, handing him the done deed. Behind her the women praised the idea and shouted window to window the who makes what. The preacher sunk one hand deep into his trousers and smiled, brushing back his hair with the other. The old lady on the lawn stood, lifted her sack and pressed down her dress. *I'm off to go wash them clean.* She gave the full view of her brown teeth and turned down the road to the valley with her bag of clothes.

With mid afternoon the sun reached the top of its arch and settled there, beating down the heat of the day. By the river the grass grew taller and green like it did nowhere else and set itself up as the envy of all grass. And the river pushed in its great rush to get somewhere. In a rising slope the valley met the ridge and a thinly marked trail wound upwards. Coming down the trail were the first of the people, with baskets and blankets and children jaunting down in full run, just trying to break their necks - or so their mothers cried. And as they began to file down, they settled themselves at the edge of the river with watermelons and sweet breads, and the children sat on the bank wetting their feet. A grandmother spread cream across some little shoulders on account of the sun, and sent off three white-backed angels.

With the better portion of the folks already setting out the dishes, the thick figure of the woman with big eyes came down the trail holding a large silver platter. She wore a bright green sun dress and her hair stood like steel wire and caught the glaze of the sun. Behind her in a brown tight fitting suit, was her husband - a small mule kind of man, sure-footing every step down the path. On reaching the river she scanned for a spot near the edge with a face screwed like a turnip. *See now I said folks would be leaving early for the best spots now didn't I. Folks is always leaving early for the best spots. But that's no matter, 'cause these all going to be seats in the Lord's house today, and there's no best spots in the Lord's*

house. That's why we're here. Now ladies, I figured with the heat and all, that we might be in need of a little something more than fruits and breads - though God knows we need them too. She passed her big eyes around and gave everyone a mother's smile. But I figured that this being our first gathering with our new preacher, that we all might want to have something real special. And she laid down her platter in the center of the blanket - sliced lamb all neatly layered in a fan around the edges, with a mound of apple sauce in the center. She tapped a few little wrists that vultured to the plate, 'cause the preacher had yet to come and see things how they was - all fine and set - before they got disturbed.

The sun beat a solid stare on the valley and pinked the bare shoulders. Down the trail came the wiry figure of the preacher, wearing his black trousers, a white open collar, and a black wide brimmed hat under which his bangs hung in their arch. He handed round smiles as he walked through the folks and admired the fine spread. There was a general sense that they wanted him to talk on it and more, so he scanned for a central lectern. They'd all moved a bit too close to the river. So taking off his shoes and socks - leaving them neatly stored on a rock - he treaded out into the river, his arms out at side's reach for balance. For the people, this was just the right thing - almost what they expected him to do.

He turned, and took in the crowd before him - letting a silence hang - then he pointed sharply over their heads to the valley's ridge. They turned to meet the point. From a high point the Lord showed Moses all the land and said, 'this is the land of your sons, and of your son's sons that I am giving unto you'. This is the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, and a godly bounty. And you are his children. Behold the bounty before us today. See how He provides. See the table He has laid before you. And their eyes moved to the blankets and nodded with the words. The preacher paused and took in another breath - then with a solemn almost cross look he stared into their faces. But the Lord said 'thou shalt not live on bread alone, but on all the blessings that come out of His mouth'. So we shall enjoy today a spiritual feast. We shall drink from the fountains of the waters of life. We shall raise our voices in his praise - raise them so that the heavens above will open up and cast their blessings on us. His voice rose to a clear and steady note that went to the valley wall and bounced back so that there were two preachers confirming each other. Amen and Hallelujah, came from the lady with the big eyes as she threw a hand up, then sat back in satisfaction. He offered a prayer of thanks for the meal. His voice droned at that set note and then came back down - his eyes tracing the crowd of amens.

On this cue, the big eyed lady stood and rushed to the blanket to begin portioning out the meal. Her dress blew in the breeze that was building, and her face was more and more like a turnip from the sun. With her

green arm she waved back those who were lining with their napkins, to make way for the preacher. He leaned over for the watermelon and his wet trousers sprinkled droplets on the lamb platter. Now ain't that a regular blessing. She smiled as she dished out a healthy portion of the lamb on his napkin. You know of course that most of us folks ain't had the fortune of having a preacher so close by. 'Course it's made some of us a little less regular than we'd like - having to travel so far just for a meeting. And those travelling preachers don't often swing by the small parts like this anymore. Ain't that so? And she looked up the food line for the nods and yessus. The preacher smiled, thanking her, and moved on to the edge to dangle his feet with the children. She continued in a lower voice with a certain inside knowledge. He's only young of course. But he's blessed with the Lord's tongue, that's certain. You hear that prayer? Why I almost sunk on hearing that. Made me wanna just sell all my things and go out and buy that pearl of great price. That boy can move a body. She marked it with a nod and dished out sugar cake.

As the afternoon passed and the sun arched further, the people pressed their desire for some further encouragement. And the preacher again waded in the river to his waist and faced the crowd. On the bank the children slept mostly - being full - and the folks sat straight, waiting for the first words. The preacher bent over and cupped some water in his hand. 'I am the way, the truth and the light'...Why did the Lord say this...why? Why, because he knows that there is a narrow road to salvation. He knows that broad and spacious is the road to destruction. He knows that there is only one way - his way - his eternal way of forgiveness - that can set you free. And if you want to follow him - to pick up your cross and follow him - then you gotta find that road and stick to it. You gotta either drink from his waters or die thirsty. Simple as that. You gotta ask yourself...am I following that road. Am I dedicated to that road? Have I submersed myself in him and gained salvation? The faces stared at him and someone shouted a praise the Lord. His voice rose again, ringing round the valley, and he stood there fixing on them, his shirt catching the early wind. And his voice echoed to himself, doubling the message. Blankets were drawn over some of the ladies, and the grass swirled around them. From the back of the crowd rose the old lady with the bag of clothes, now washed, hanging at her side. Her voice shot from behind them in a clear tone. Preacher...I know I've been sinful and done wrong, but I also know from my heart that I love the Lord through and through. I taken him into my heart and now I'm ready to show it to all these folks. She set down her bag and pushed through the crowd and by the big eyed turnip. Holding down her skirtings she walked into the river to the preacher, and the rising wind caught her kerchief and blew it clean off and away. Still she moved

in until she stood before him. With a solemn face, showing the weight of the moment, the preacher placed his hand on her back and laid her full into the river...and then up with another smooth even swing. Slapping back her hair, she then raised her hands to the darkening sky and praised the Lord Jesus her savior. Reaching the bank again, she covered herself up with a blanket.

As she sat down the preacher offered another prayer, this time for the blessings of redemption, and then, throwing a large smile to the crowd, he started to the bank. The water moved heavier now with the wind that began to curl around the ridge of the valley, and the preacher held his hat down with one hand. I wanna love my neighbor like I love myself and show my God that I'm fixed in his way and there ain't nobody gonna take me off his road. The big eyed woman was standing, and throwing her arms in the air like she was signaling across the valley and into the next town. Then in a frenzy of praise the Lords, she ran forward to the water and moved through the heavy current to the preacher, backing him into to the middle again.

The preacher took on his solemn face and fixed his hat down tight for the business. Arranging herself, she took off her glasses, handing them to him to place in his shirt pocket. She looked back at the bank with a satisfied smile and the small orange-seed eyes, then braced herself against the water that was slapping up against them. The preacher placed his arm on her back, and set his legs apart to balance the weight. She closed her eyes, and swung back and under. She met the chill and a wave filled her lungs and pulled back her eyelids. Thrashing upwards, she caught the preacher's side, grabbing his trousers, and sucked in the dark green that seemed to fill her belly then rush up behind her eyes. She felt the hand on her back slip and try to take her arm - missing then clawing for her dress. She threw out her arm as she lost her feet, drawing backwards - and this time felt the weight of the preacher loosen and his body brush by and under hers. The dark green water filled her, aching behind her sockets. She found her feet for a moment, and pushed her face to the surface - to the grey sky for a breath. A second wave caught her from behind and threw her under again. The green went darker then black and filled her nose and throat and her head snapped back.

She had only the sensation of an arm - a grip that braced itself above her and pulled her up. The wind blew her hair back and she choked on the air - spitting and sucking in the same breath - and feeling the heavy green inside her push itself up and out of her mouth. The tears came in coughed spurts and she threw her arms against the body. From the bank there was a silence that meant only that nothing could be said. Slowly, she moved back, looking to the arms that held her - the brown mule arms that had pulled her up - then felt in her hand the wide brimmed black hat.

What Moses Knew

When Milton by perspective glass looked in through Eden's gates,
Reporting how our Will mismanaged sinned without Fates,
His muse could not have privy been to what in truth occurred
To bring the lapse of innocence, perfection and the word,
T'is perhaps some mum impolitic, kept secret by design
By authority Mosaic to protect the Tribe divine,
For if truth of all that happened in that old Edenic square
Were by exposition published then in typical despair,
Likes of Kora and Abriam - nestles deep in Moses' ears
Would by mutiny have had them walk another forty years;
Pharaoh's foundling may have truly known what being there unseen,
Did by strings direct the machinations in the garden green.



Expire Inspire

A man woke up before his time,
While just a month a wreath remembered still,
By a keeper's democratic will
That all by the same plan had lived the same.

Awoke to find he breathed before
His set was planned to rise,
Found his hands had left his rigid side,
And infantile they clasped around his heels -

Inspired to soon - mistimed, his breath
Was given him - he stood,
In the world between, among, amidst a mist
Of other too soon dead -

Too soon good ones - too soon old ones,
Tuned soon to one hypnotic note of death
In that house unholy, raped of scale,
Where even death has a consequence.

The graduating class ahead cued
For their parting drink of Lethe.
To drown and kill their other selves
In pools of souls that reach another hell.

To upward go to trial again in somewhat thoughts,
Of what road was wrong before -
But not why - and to care for the difference.
A second chance to die well.

So damned to see the end not end but run
End to end again, he cried to wake that cold host
That might lay curled for eight months more,
To give the gift of death to those who might.

But long expired his voice and left him lone,
To drink his fill and wipe what hell he'd seen
To wake again a younger self,
To parents new to all he'd ever been.

Hell's Wells

In my last descent to hell
I swam the river, kept my coins,
Displacing his rubber boat with naturality;
Drank not from Hades' Well And travelled Gaia's
loins
(Such earthly sensuality),
Past tangled woods and caverns deep
I found Daniads toiling for eternity,
Slipping on their spills,
Drawing faster to appease my thirst until,
My own rapidity
Withdrew to leave them sleep.

by
Simon P.
Crawford

Rain

If I touched you smile
 light and slow like I and loving you like
 want to lightning tastes the sky.
 here I think that if I touched
 and there you
 my body running down here or there
 you like rain through the light and
 and sweat through the cold
 and rain again you could let it all go by
 pooling at your feet in a and move with me
 cloudy little thunder or a in our storm.

WINTER AT 18

Pearl hidden tears fall like stones
 on this heart
 that would rather be a gypsy,
 windy and free, than caught in these
 confessions of loneliness.
 The girl with the mask like
 a mirror
 is finally afraid
 that her world will
 never be more than snow bitten windows
 and cigarettes in the cold.
 Tired of the wild, aching, near-waking
 dreams
 that cling, coating like frost,
 to the truth.
 Caged realities.
 Roles she can't play
 neither sister nor lover
 daughter or mother
 Mary
 even Magdalene's sex
 will not let her be free.
 She longs for a soul-tearing truth
 and a path through the looking glass.
 Some solitude road
 away from the critical eyes,
 sweet deceptions and traps,
 don't look back.
 pale reflections of you
 shine brave and afraid in her face
 as she smiles at the lies.



Suffer the Children

by J. P.

Dear God! When are they ever going to stop? They've been fighting for hours already, and they never run out of things to yell about. Sometimes I wonder why they ever got married in the first place. Should I believe her when she says that she used to love him? That she still loves him? Can true love turn into something as ugly as this?

Mom starts to cry and I know that He's started in at her again. The sounds filter up through the air vents until they can't be ignored. The sounds of skin on skin. Not the sounds of love and passion, but those of hatred and abuse. Is it possible for love to survive in the midst of all this? Can anything survive in all of this? Why is it him that's screaming instead of her? I know she's not fighting back. She never fights back.

I cover my ears, put a pillow over my head, but nothing blocks out the sounds. They're inside my head now, inside my memory, never to be erased. I can hear her crying, whimpering like a suffering animal. He's yelling at her, so loud that I think my ear drums will burst either that or my heart. He's asking God why he ever married her in the first place, calling her a worthless bitch, and all that she says is 'I love you'. Over and over again. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you.

I want to scream out too. I want to tell them to stop it. I want them to stop hating each other. I know I have to stay in control, but sometimes it's so hard to hold on to your sanity. I suppose

that someone has to be mature in this family. It doesn't really matter, anyway. Any more noise from inside this house, and the walls will explode.

I wonder what all this is doing to my mind? What happens when, all of a sudden, a child turns into a parent? When the parents act like children? That's what they are, you know. Little babies in grown up bodies, playing at make-believe. Is this world really so gullible that they fall for this charade? Don't they see that it's just an act? A mask that falls away behind closed doors?

I'm losing my grip, and my sanity is slipping away. The screams start up and fade, and I can feel myself drifting into a world of my own. Just like Alice in Wonderland; a world of smiling flowers and Cheshire cats. But the silence is glorious. No yelling, no crying, no hate. It would be so easy just to float away, but I know that I can't. The bubble pops and reality rushes in, washing away the dream like a bucket of cold water.

The crying has stopped now, but the yelling continues. Is she unconscious? Dead? Or is she simply beyond the point of feeling? Sometimes I think death would be the kindest of the three.

I'm so tired. To be able to sleep, even for a few moments, would seem like heaven. To drift into peaceful oblivion, surrounded and protected by the darkness.

But I know that I have to stay awake. I have to be there when the yelling stops, when the front door slams, when the car screeches away. I have to be there when she drags herself up the stairs, all bloody and bruised. I have to be there to hold her and rock her, as she cries herself to sleep.

"Yes, Mommy. Of course I need you."

J.P.

Egyptian Eyes

by Gina Annetta

For: Sam: we are two angels with
single wings, holding onto one another.

Egyptian eyes have touched me,
Egyptian eyes have set me free.
Within a heart of brandished gold,
Egyptian eyes have taken hold.
Egyptian eyes of my desire,
To lift me up, To take me higher.
Egyptian eyes so bright discern,
A love complete, a love that burns.
Each moment destined yields to fate,
A heaven lies for those who wait.
That's where you found me, in your
arms,
A paradise so safe and warm.
You've given all that I could need,
Egyptian eyes, my heart is freed.
You've scratched the mirror of my soul,
In your reflection, I am whole.
Caress of my heart, you hold me,
Hands in my soul, you implore me.
Of magic, of passion, Egyptian eyes,
It knows no bounds, it bears no tears.
Though scratched the surface of the shore,
The tide gives way to so much more.
Sands of time that know no end,
My love, my mentor, my best friend.
Destiny found you, Egyptian eyes,
Held in my heart, to mesmerize.
The light that leads me to compromise,
My, love, my life, my Egyptian eyes.



on women and love

by Ranjit David Ebenezer

She is close to one's heart as the
wildflower to the Earth,
Her presence is soothing as sleep to
a fatigued mind.
Her voice is the murmur of a brook's
ripples,
Man's fondness for her is like a river
in the spring flood
burdened with the melted snows.

She is free as wildfire amok in the
Savannah,
Woman your vigor is a ceaseless tor-
rent of rain that sweeps
away all in its path.
Her spirit is defiant as a clap of
thunder that rents asunder
the grey silence,
Your countenance knocks on the
door of a man's heart and
brings the greeting of sunshine.

The melody of her name fills a man's
heart like the light of
a candle in a darkened room.

You write the script by which man
plays his part in the drama
called life,
Your joy is a symphony, it pierces the
bosom of man and kindles it.

A nectar that is live and an exigent
poison that is lust
cause a transfiguration.
Purity that is fire is put out inno-
cence that crystalline
is shattered,
Woman, a bud that blossoms into a
flower in the dark truth of the night.

Eyes that sparkle with the flame of a
polished diamond in the dark,
They draw man nearer and nearer
like a bewitched moth to light.
Within his breast is born a tempest

that can dash onto the rocks a
mighty ship,
Rejection is a shipwrecked sailor
upon a desolate and barren
shore.

The much awaited torrent is some-
times a drizzle that does not
quench the earth but brings disap-
pointment like a scorching
fire, 'tis love.

Capturing can kill, by letting alone
you can give the gift of
freedom which is love,

A smile is the sun's rays that com-
mand the attention of every flower in
bloom,
Woman without your smile the trees
are bare, the leaves lie
on the ground as on an autumn eve.

Solitude is the overcast sky, 'tis the
calm that precedes the raging storm,
Emptiness from within is the gale
that unleashes the fury of the
typhoon.

Woman, in the World you fill the
void and tame the storm like a lion
tamer commands a lion.

Love keeps filling our bottomless
chalice like money finding its way
into a beggars bowl,
When 'tis trampled upon it is a river
that is withering away
due to the weeds and stones that
choke its flow.

Love is fire that gives us warmth on
a winter's eve it
brings with it the hurt of a singed
hand,
Love is a sacrificial flame whose
sparks light up the heavens
above and hades below.

The Subway Saints

by Michael Lacka

The subway saints and
their grim expressions
look to the floor, to see my
shoes.

The hypnotic stare from
their timepiece eyes
registers grey in shadowed
minds.

Sometimes when the lights
fade out
a sudden alertness strikes
the numbness
of their severed vitality
only to return to the more
secure state of psychoses.
The comfort of dis-ease
reminds the mind of a
maddening tribe
the peaceful solace of
escape.

A stranger sits and
crosses his legs
funny how he always
sits beside
you
when other seats are
empty.

So you try not to stare
while that same song
echoes
repeatedly through
your head,
loud enough for the
others to hear
repeatedly through
your head.

The subway saints are the
dawn's disciples,
servants to the Noble
Duty.
Forever indebted to the
simple rail of monotony
and the safety of the
underground transforma-
tion
to a placid wave of alien-
ation.

A detached look to
see if this is his stop.
It is.
Expressionless he
leaves
followed only forests
of eyes.

The subway saints carry
on
to the next stop
to the next day
stifled in a surreal journey
aboard the train of No
Choice.

I HAVE LEARNED

Old days of childhood
have shone long within this
room
where desks are filed in per-
fection,
such as the discipline
preached
my many a master and ranks
of hopeful parents.

Boards of black stare back
with carved lines and lessons,
reminding all who look upon
them,
the history of learning
those boards have witnessed.

Hints of mildew fills the room
and flows among the
over-sized wall maps
and broken over science
exhibits.

Tattered textbooks,
tired of guiding, sit wearily

among the shelves,
relishing in their obsolete ser-
vice
to those so young.

They know not the pain of fail-
ure,
yet as sure as the sun
reveals the fingerprints
stained upon the panes of
glass,
shall this room witness
the tears of beginning, songs
of seasons,
and the etchings of failure.



by
Pablo Garrido

THE SERIAL

Stop those voices,
I've heard them before.
Throw back the lives
Of those I've taken
Away - into hellish
Throbbing of lucid liquid
Gushing out of
Their gaping wounds.
Hear the cawing

Of the reminding sirens
Where the beams of
light
Flood the room and
Excite my need for
Plastered pupils that
Starve, seducing their
need
To see my handy-work.

CONSUMING THIS SOUL

Could I see you again?
Maybe in that other world
Where poles traverse
and the equal balance
Of life and death disappears
In the equilibrium of a shot
Ringing out in my ears,
Warping my sight
And ending my life.

True Love

The land was thirsty by the dryness of the sun,
The people screamed "KILL HIM!", and it was done.
The sun beat down like an eagle eyeing its prey,
For our sins he had to pay.

He carried it up a hill, there it stood,
The crucifix or cross made out of wood.
His death heard by the sound of the hammers pound,
The nails in his hands and feet kept him bound.

The sweat dripped down his pale white face,
The people waited on God in haste.
His back was torn by their angry whips,
They threw him venom through their lips.

Thorns filled with pain were thrust in his head,
Men and women watched hoping he was dead.
A sword was pushed in his side,
The unbelievers said he had cheated and lied.

He looked to the sky and said, "
Father forgive them, they know not what they have done.
The father looked down and smiled at his son.
The plan for salvation was almost complete,
Building the bridge for man was his last feat.

The sky became black and bleak as night,
There he hung, the way, the light.
It is finished he said,
They thought he was dead.

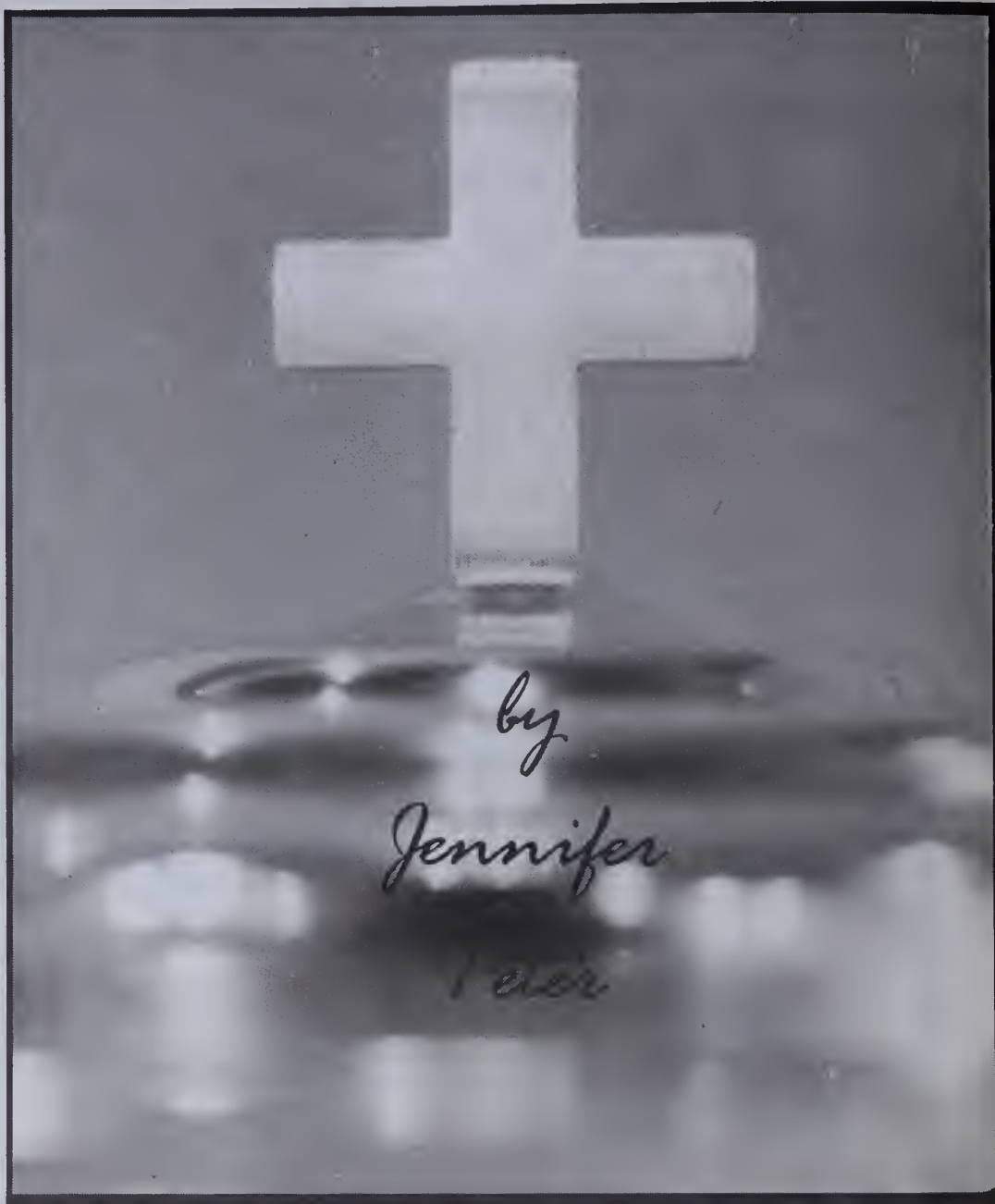
They took his body off of the cross,
The disciples and followers wept over their loss.
A follower named Joseph placed him in his tomb,
The great man of wisdom in his final resting room?

Pilate and the soldiers were afraid of his awesome power,
In front of the tomb a sealed stone towered.
The women who believed tried to enter the tomb,
They knew of his resurrection that would be coming soon.

On the third day he promised he would come again,
The sinners and believers would feel no more pain.
The third day came and the women went to where he slept,
He was not there, in happiness they wept.

The death and resurrection of this one son,
Provides a way to victory over Satan, a battle already won.
Sinners may be forgiven and have eternal life with God,
A hard decision to make but not at all odd.

The path has been set, and the way is clear,
Jesus is the answer, your life to him is dear.
Accept him into your heart and give your life to him,
You will live a life for God and be forgiven of all sin.



The closing of the lids

He loves me, he loves me not. He loves me, he loves me not. He loves me. She rises from her seat on the grass and begins to run in a frivolous manner. Soon she becomes tired and lies down on the dew filled grass to rest. When she awakens I begin to run and hear a strong harsh sound. It frightens me because it is unfamiliar. In the distance I can see a fire, I run towards it knowing it is my only chance, suddenly she falls and finds an attacker on her back. He has a large knife and is trying to push it into her side. She looks up to see who it is and when she moves she falls into a hole. I fall through the air and land on a mattress. He jumps back into the air and grabs the bar. He swings and jumps. While he is soaring he performs three somersaults in the air and lands on the platform. The audience claps, he begins to descend the ladder and I realize I have finally finished my painting. The walls are a blueish gray color that satisfies the eye. I open my lunch box and begin to eat my toasted western. As I begin to eat I notice worms crawling on my feet, the old man picks them up and begins to bait his line. The fish are biting he says. His companion nods and smiles that ever knowing smile. The sky is very peaceful and the two men relax and enjoy the day until she goes under the boat and punctures a hole in its structure. As it sinks the dog barks and runs to the cottage. A woman comes to the door and hollers for the dog to get inside before it starts to rain. She goes inside and begins to put the sheets on a bed. A young girl cries in the next room and her cries become louder and louder as she quickly approaches her mother. She enters the room with a knife and rushes straight towards the woman. Blood scatters the wall and the child's screams begin to subside and the woman's become louder. The blood begins to drip and I realize my pot of water is boiling over. I yell to Erich to turn off the stove. He adjusts the pot and turns around, his arms quickly embrace me and we begin to kiss passionately. Layer by layer our clothing comes off and is tossed on the floor. After we are finished he walks out to the bathroom and is soon in a barren land. With a look of fear in his face, he begins to walk, attempting to find a way home. As he walks, his steps become faster at each pace. Looking behind him every few seconds he loses his balance and stumbles, before he has time to see what he has stumbled on. I am falling over the cliff. I fall quickly and realize that this is it. Suddenly my whole body jerks. I open my eyes look around and slowly drift off with the closing of my lids.



Drowning

by Kelly Thompson

In my mind alone, afraid,
I wander.
Never forgetting that night.
Trust became a vicious shark,
Bearing its jaws.
Attacking without warning.
I was drowning in darkness and fear.
Trying to swim upwards,
Toward a light I couldn't see.
But I was caught in the shackles,
Truth became.
I have never let that night escape my soul,
For fear that I would be left hollow and breathless.
It holds me together and tears me apart.

It closes in around me.
Splashing over my eyes, blinding me.
Filling me up until I choke,
Suffocating.
No up, no down, no pain, no calm.
Drowning in my own insecurities.
Trying to hold my head above water.
Trying to grasp at the sunlight,
Which slips through my fingers.
Holding onto hopes which only make me sink,
Deeper into the eternal ebb of confusion.
So deep, I no longer see sunlight.
So deep, I forget to breath.
So dark, I'm not sure if my eyes are closed.

Ode to Pete and Chris

Looking down life's road for you this
is what we see:

Your life without a woman would be
complete misery.

Even though you can iron shirts, cook a meal
and scrub the pots,

You'd have no 'soul-mate' with whom to share
your deepest thoughts

Who else would bring you coffee and give you
loving looks,

Massage your tired feet for you while you
sit and write your books?

If you live your life like this you surely
will regret

Never perfecting the art of playing your
trumpet.

You'd eat spaghetti every day for years and
years to come

If the only woman in your life happens to be
your mom.

Although you feel you're self-sufficient, not
needing a woman by your side

How else could you water your garden and
watch it grow with pride?

Think of hot summer nights by the fire
with your date

Watching all those Disney classics and staying
up real late.

Though you believe you're on the right path, one
thing must be said —

Wake up and smell the coffee....MONKERY
IS DEAD!!!

Sincerely, the FISHERWOMEN.



Acknowledgements

This is such a small space in which to say thank you to all of the contributors. Special thanks to Geoff Scott who spent six hours on a Wednesday night to make the cover work. Also, thanks to Jonathan Boer who managed to get the photo done even with his essays.

A note of encouragement to all writers. Sidney Smith once said: "in composing as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written, you have no idea what it will give your style." Don't ever doubt your work, write for yourself and enjoy it. Thanks to all who submitted even those who were not included due to space constraints.

Jennifer Peter

Toronto gets a taste of Erindale



photos by Karen Flavelle



Former Erindale Band Clash winners *The Male Order Brides* opened for another great Erindale band *Wrench* at Clinton's Downtown on Wednesday March 23rd. Both bands put on an excellent show. Keep your eyes open for upcoming dates.

Green Day/ Tilt/ Trigger Happy

by Dave Bullard

Green Day, along with openers Tilt and Trigger Happy, played the Opera House on Thursday March 24th. It was an all ages show, but the show was not tame; the mosh pit was the wildest I have ever seen.

Unfortunately, I missed Trigger Happy. I don't know if that's good or bad. All I do know is that when I entered the Opera House, the drummer for Trigger Happy had dropped his pants and the lead singer was giving the crowd the middle finger.

Tilt were interesting. Their set was short but had punch to it. Tilt rilled off 12 songs in thirty-five minutes, but every song sounded the same to me. Tilt was wise, though, in taking advantage of the opportunity to give away as many logo stickers as they could to the audience.

Green Day remind me a lot of the Clash. I hate to make comparisons but this one was very evident to me. Green Day played an hour set consisting of 14 songs. Only one or two songs from Green Day's set was really catchy, but that didn't matter to the crowd as it moshed and body surfed to every song with ferocity.

Green Day complained that when they opened for Bad Religion the last time they were here, they didn't get enough playing time. The band said it would play all night but only managed to pull off an hour set with 15-20 minutes of filler music, not real music. Green Day needs to work on how it expresses itself live.

One complaint: believe it or not, the sound was not loud enough. Other than that, not a bad show.



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Gandharvas play the Blind Duck

by Dave Bullard

Gandharvas played the Blind Duck pub on Thursday, March 24th at 1:00 pm. A few questions pop to mind about the show.

Concert Review
Gandharvas
Blind Duck Pub
March 24

Why at 1:00 on a Thursday? Could not a better time be scheduled? Why such a lack of support for the show? I don't know, but I do know that I was the only person in the pub to actually watch Gandharvas play rather than eat.

Gandharvas actually are a good group. The band was recently signed to a deal with Watch/MCA records without



The Gandharvas played the Blind Duck Pub on Thursday March 24.

having put out a demo tape, which is impressive. Gandharvas has a soca/rock sound with a touch of grunge that

makes it hard to compare them to any other band. That could either make or break Gandharvas, as the band admitted. Even though

there were less than two dozen people in the pub (most filtered out once they were finished eating), Gandharvas still per-

formed a nine song set which was full of energy. Among the better songs in their set were "Quick Feeling" and "Dallying." Gandharvas played a cover of "Time After Time" (Cyndi Lauper), that was well done and amusing.

I feel sorry for Gandharvas. Here is a band that is trying to sell themselves and Erindale students don't give them a break. Before they got on stage, the band was wondering if anyone would actually arrive. Gandharvas were visibly disappointed by the turn-out. So was I. Gandharvas did feel positive about the remainder of shows that they had left to play at Canadian campuses though. I think from their show at Erindale, Gandharvas got a feeling that success won't come easy.

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

Winning accolades, but not live

by Dave Bullard

Pavement played a sold out show at the Palladium along with Codeine. Due to the type of music performed the crowd was docile, very little moshing and body-surfing. What a pleasant change from previous concerts I had attended. Even though the show was all ages, the crowd was also more mature compared to other all ages shows I have attended as of late.

Codeine was mellow, to say the least. For a band signed to the SubPop label, I expected something a little bit more aggressive. I got the kind of feeling listening to Codeine that I get when my grandmother tells me about "the good, old days." Scary! Codeine played a half an hour set consisting of eight songs. Sort of short for an opener. Codeine's songs move at about the same pace as Mariah Carey's if not slower. If you want to pick up a CD which is good for falling asleep to, pick up one of Codeine's.

The Pavement show was definitely a show where the opener did not upstage the main act, unlike the Urge Overkill/Eugenius bill. Pavement was helped out by having such a boring opening

band. The band did not live up to what I or probably what the rest of the audience was expecting.

Concert Review
Pavement
The Palladium
March 25

Their performance had its ups and downs, being interesting half of the time, and rather lackluster

Rain, is excellent but did not come off well live. The band played an hour set consisting of 18 songs. I was rather disappointed by the short set. I don't like going to a show where the headliner plays for only an hour. Pavement could not decide what songs they wanted to perform. The group haggled amongst themselves. Pavement did not play their latest single "Cut Your

Hair," and did not perform "Unseen Power of the Picket Fence," my favorite song by the band. "Unseen Power of the Picket Fence" is off the "No Alternative" album and probably would have been the best song in Pavement's set. Shows suck when a band does not perform it's best songs. In my opinion, Pavement has not yet lived up to the accolades given to them by recent publications like Spin and Rolling Stone. I have heard Pavement being compared to REM, but I



Pavement played the Palladium on March 25th with openers, Codeine.

the other half. They seemed to be going through the motions. The band told the audience that they were tired, and performed like they were. Their new CD, *Crooked*

think that that comparison is out in left field right now. The band should work on giving it's fans what they want and work on it's live set, which could use some revamping.

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Julia and Ed Paton, the brother and sister duo.

Payton the town red

It's not often you go out to see a band for the first time and find yourself totally engrossed in the music, eyes glued to the performers, and singing their songs to yourself on the way home. **Payton the Town Red** is that type of band. I saw the band last Friday evening at The Cabana Room playing to a packed house, standing room only, and was screaming with the rest of the bar for encores at the end of the show.

Ed and Julia Paton front **Payton the Town Red** as the two lead singers and write all of the band's material. Ed is a phenomenal guitarist who lays down his intricate playing to set the grooves for their music. Julia is an exceptional lead singer and front person who can strut with the best of them. The remainder of the band is Don Featherstone on bass and vocals, and U of T student Rob Bright on drums.

Payton the Town Red's bio describes them as "an aggressive rock band that combines funky

rhythms with traditional rock influences and is layered with rich harmonies that form their unique, modern rock sound." Unique is right—this band has some solid three-part harmonies combined with great musicianship and positive and powerful original songs. Their high-energy show Friday night went through a full range of styles from rockers to ballads, and was complemented by their onstage band antics and interaction with the audience. They also showed that they are eclectic and diverse: bassist Don picked up his sax and played some of the best bluesy riffs you'll ever hear, while drummer Rob came out from behind his kit and strummed along on acoustic guitar.

With songs like "Dream Away" and "Keep up The Fight" that tell you to struggle against the odds, believe in yourself and hold onto your dreams the band is definitely trying to convey a positive image of life. This is a band that is going places and should be seen by anyone who loves live music.

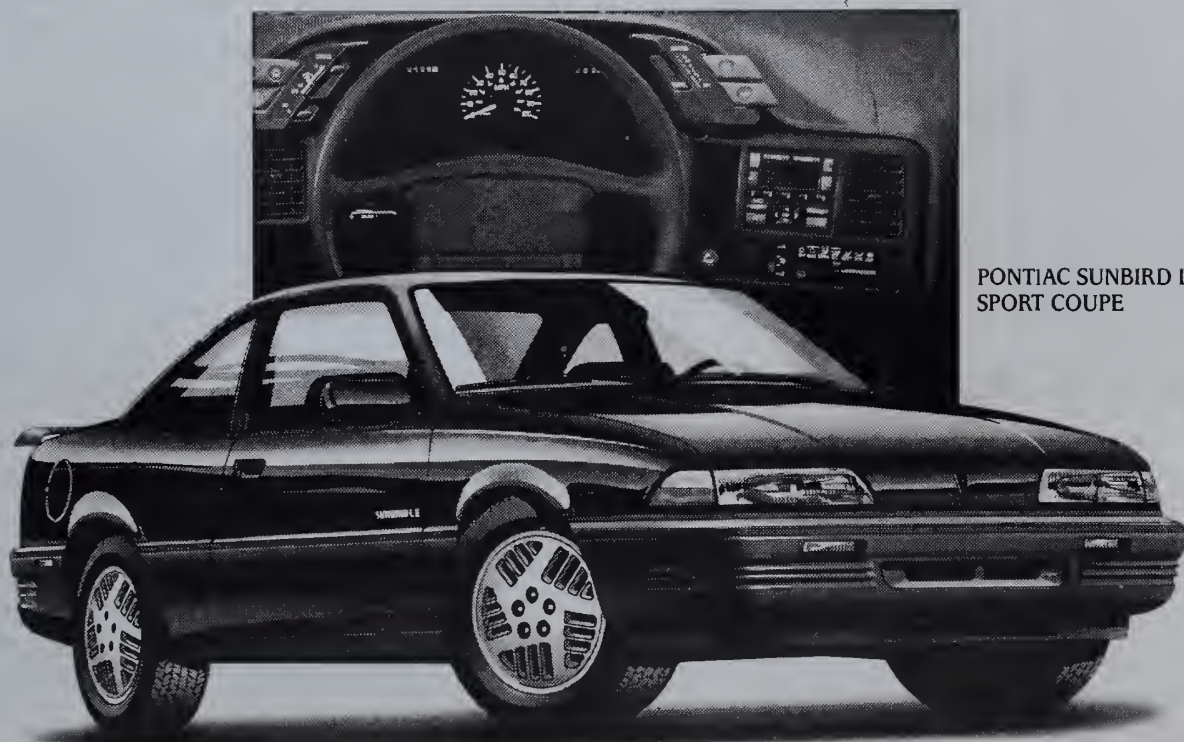
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Sports

Pondscum reigns supreme at finals

by Gabe Galambos

It looked bleak for the Pondscum heading into this year's Men's Interfaculty Waterpolo championship. Erindale was up against their Arch-Nemesis, MEDS. A loss to MEDS in last year's finals, coupled with a loss in this year's regular season, left Erindale with a tough task ahead of them. This hard-fought series went the distance, but Pondscum prevailed to become the 1993-94 Waterpolo champions defeating MEDS two games to one.

In the opening game Erindale jumped to a quick lead with goals from Bart "Woohoo, I scored!" Wilson and Jason "steamroller" Ovsenny. MEDS came back to tie the game at two, but goals by Stanley "Boom-Boom" Besko and Rekha "Shake-A-Bake-A" Trembath and Gabe "I blew the penalty shot" Galambos, put Erindale up for good with a score of 5-4 as MEDS fell short.

The second game saw Erindale score early and often, earning a 6-2 lead halfway through the third quarter on goals by Pascal "The Frog" Tyrrell, Besko, Trembath and Galambos with Bruce "Impossible Angle" Dust scoring two. However, Erindale regretted their pre-game trip to Cora's, as MEDS swam circles around the 'Scum scoring five unanswered goals. Erindale lost 7-6 in the dying seconds of the game.

In the crucial third and deciding game, Erindale continued its previous trend, falling behind 2-0 early in the first quarter. Upon Peter "His Majesty" Baxter's arrival, Erindale's spirits lifted, and they fought back to end the half dead-locked at 3 on goals by Cherie "Rex" Westbrook, Besko and Galambos. A goal by Besko put the 'Scum up 4-3, but MEDS quickly tied the game. In a crucial moment Gabe Galambos broke loose from a breakaway, but was hauled down from behind. The referee awarded him



photo by Jamie Tyndall

After three final matches, Pondscum came out on top to become champs.

a four-meter penalty shot. He decided to do his Pet Shot, the "skipper"; with amazing grace and skill he shot the ball. With a loud "kerplunk" the ball died in the water 2 meters from the goalie, not even reaching the net. After the game, Galambos was quoted as saying, "It was my intention all along to miss the net." While MEDS continued

with their laughter Galambos made up for his faux-pas to score, giving Erindale a 5-4 lead. Stanley Besko added an insurance marker to round out the score to 6-4.

Goaltender, Steven "Buzz" Mazza, kept the team in the games throughout the series and the season, playing exceptionally well in his rookie year. His fellow

rookies were: Bart Wilson, Cosimo Mazzeferro, Cherie Westbrook and Christine Darcy, as well as veterans Mark Westlake, Alison Wood, Bruce Dust, Jason Ovsenny, Rekha Trembath, Stanley Besko, Pascal Tyrrell and Gabe Galambos. Their ability to play as a team led to the defeat of the talented MEDS squad.

Men's hockey team one win away from Jennings Cup

by Ted Henley

The Division I Men's Ice Hockey championship series is tied at one game a piece. The Warriors won the first game in a tight 3-2 match. Erindale physically dominated, but the Medicine goalie played strong to keep his team in the game. The Warriors came out flat in the second match giving Medicine an easy 3-1 victory.

The first game started on a foul note with Erindale getting a penalty 12 seconds into the first period, however, Tim Jursa scored a short-handed goal giving Erindale an early 1-0 lead. Both teams had plenty of scoring opportunities exciting the fans in the stands. The first period ended with Medicine answering back with a quick goal to tie the game.

Brett Eysers gave Erindale the lead with a quick snap shot bending the twine. Medicine quickly equalized the score frustrating the Warriors. The score remained tied until three minutes left in the game when Milos Solc faught off the Meds defenceman to put the puck past the goalie to give Erindale the win.

The second game was not so favorable for Erindale. The Warriors came out very flat and



photo by Paul Hartman

After a superb showing in their first game, the Warriors lost their second match to Meds and will now face them in a crucial third and final match.

Medicine took advantage of it. The squad played with a lack of enthusiasm to the dislike of the spectators. Erindale's only goal was scored by Wayne Bartelink.

Erindale will face off against Medicine in the deciding game Sunday night. If the Warriors do not pick up their game the surprising success of the Medicine

team will continue giving them the Jennings Cup. The results of this game will be published in next week's paper.

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Erindale's athletes gather to celebrate successful year

by Ted Henley

If you felt extremely underdressed while relaxing in the meeting place this past Saturday night - relax - it was a one night occurrence. One hundred and fifty students were dressed in ties and jackets to converge on the South building in commemoration of the twenty-seventh Annual Athletic Banquet. Most of Erindale's athletes were on hand for the celebration.

Along with the athletes many special guests included Athletics Director Peter Baxter, Dean Cecil Houston, and past Olympian Skip Phoenix. ECARA President Jack Krist was master of ceremonies, and each 93-94 ECARA member shared in presenting awards. The buffet dinner was good, the dessert table was excellent; but most people found the services of the Blind Duck most enjoyable. Skip Phoenix was present to give a motivational speech. His speech was clever but it began surprisingly depressing. One person commented, using one of Mr. Phoenix's phrases, that the speech "started as a 'dog's breakfast' but thankfully ended positively." Overall, his final message prescribing to set your personal goals high was received well by the crowd.

The awards ceremony followed the speeches. Unfortunately, many people who received awards were not present, however, it was very exciting for those who were present. A full listing of award winners will appear on the ECARA page. Some notable mentions are: Intramural Athletes of the Year: Rich Norris and Hardeep Grewal; Interfaculty Coach of the Year: Affik Choudhury; the Cynthia Haddow Memorial Award: Esther Levesque; the J. J. Rae Trophy (Female Athlete of the Year): Sabina Nimz and the J. Tuzo Wilson Trophy (Male Athlete of the Year) recipient is Francisco Perez.

The dance followed the awards ceremony. During the dance door prizes were given out. There were plenty of prizes for everyone - even the press ticket won a prize. Overall, the banquet was a definite success. All of the ECARA council members that hosted the event should be commended by all who attended.

Squared & Buried beat odds and Bunnies

by Tamara Wickens

This past week Erindale was fortunate enough to watch some fast-paced, intense women's ball hockey as the women's final between Squared & Buried and Killer Bunnies took place.

Both teams came on strong; they were all over each other playing aggressively all positions. Both teams went scoreless until the last minute of play when Jill Hudson scored the only and winning goal for S&B, giving them the one game advantage.

The Killer Bunnies had to regroup, after all they were defending their championship title. In the second match, they scored two quick goals giving them the lead. It was do or die for S&B, Karen Flavelle and Jill Hudson scored in the second half to tie the game at the end of regulation. They would go into sudden death overtime.

Both teams played well back



photo by Jamie Tyndall

The women's ball hockey champions: Squared and Buried.

and forth, trading scoring opportunities. Glenda Jones scored the championship winner about halfway through overtime, which sent the Bunnies packing.

It must be said that Andrea Collins, goalie for S&B played the game of her life, earning her player of the week honours. The

rest of the team deserves commendations for beating the odds. Everyone thought the Killer Bunnies would win it again but S&B came from behind to take it all.

Congratulations to both teams for providing spectators with some of the best women's play.

If only the regular season were as intense

by Gabe Galambos, Sergio Carvalho and Kais Aziz

empty handed.

DDWU 9

Chainmen 2

Once again Matt and Frank Barrese proved that they are the heart and soul of their team combining for another 9 point effort. They contributed to 6 of their 9 goals while Paul Paradine and Vince Demarinis provided the others. This win provided DDWU with a second consecutive semi-final birth in the short history of the team. For the Chainmen Dario Starcevic and Tom Salb provided their lonely two goals to end yet another season. The Chainmen just can't seem to find that elusive player to bounce them into the finals, as this is the third consecutive play-off year they have ended up

Del Lords 2

Sons of Jor-El 2

The Del Lords got what they deserved, losing their two-game total goals match 8-7. Sons of Jor-El were truly favoured in this game as Norm Panou and his Lords threw a game. It was a chance for the Lords not to play CCCP and instead play Still Smokin' against whom they could have won. Things never work out like you hope, and Sons of Jor-El took it to Del Lords. John Greer as usual was the work horse for Sons of Jor-El, but it was Greg Fisher who decided the game with :34 left on the clock on a behind the back give and go to himself.

Team Vu 5

Mrs Buttafouco 2

Team Vu seemed to be too much for Mrs. Buttafouco as they won both games in the series handily. Mrs. B's problem in the game was clearly penalties as they received 7 during the game. The effort and heart of Dan Baptista wasn't enough because one man can't do it all in the playoffs. To be successful in the playoffs, you can only go as far as your goalie will take you and that was another problem of Mrs. B in this game. Simon Howard and Chris Cuddy scored 5 points for Team Vu, to lead them into the conference finals.

Streethawks 9

BBC 7

In the series of the week, the Streethawks brought a 3-1 advantage coming into this game and were anxiously looking forward to a berth in the semi-finals against division rival DDWU.

The Streethawks knew that no penalties was the key to their success and the ref warned the players before hand that they were going to call a close game but the Hawks did not listen. They played it clean until the 12:00 minute mark in the first half when they were assessed their first of what was to be five penalties in a row.

BBC opened the scoring on a two-man advantage when Clayton Kollee popped in Rob Braine's shot off the boards to make the combined score 3-2. Two minutes later, on another two-man advantage, Braine got his shot on net and past the Hawks netminder to even it up at 3-3. After 8 consecutive short-handed minutes, the Streethawks managed to salvage the period on a pretty goal by Andy Chiodo with :58 remaining.

The Hawks needed to play a clean and smart second half, but it took them only 38 seconds to be short handed once again. They managed to escape that one unscathed 5 minutes later when Clayton Kollee netted his second powerplay goal of the game, tying it up once again. The con-

cont'd on page 18...

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Hawks finally appeared to settle down and with 9:52 remaining Tom Bratovz scored the eventual game winner on a shot from centre. He then set up Jack Sansone with the clincher to move the Hawks into the semi's.

Charles Angels 4 Team Vu 2

In the second of a two-game, total goals series, Team Vu found themselves down by a goal, losing the first game 1-0. Simon Howard scored first for Team Vu, tying the game at one, on the power play. The half ended 1-1, with both teams playing well defensively. Team Vu struck early in the second on a goal by Sam Dadufalza. Charlie's Angels finally solved the Roger Howard problem shortly after, as Paul Riopelle. The game seemed destined to go into overtime until Sunny Kainth scored with 54 seconds left in the game. Harpreet Singh found the empty net 14 seconds later, with Roger Howard (Vu's goalie) on the bench. Martin Borean added a goal to his two assists on the day, closing up the scoring with 14 seconds to play. The 4-2 win (5-2 two game total) for Charlie's Angels was not indicative of the play. This was a close game and series, which sees the Angels move on.

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ECARA board
for game times.

Sittmann presents his annual NHL awards

There has been talk recently regarding potential winners of the N.H.L. end of year hardware. No, I'm not referring to the Stanley Cup, rather, the individual awards that have become the annual celebration of politics. I say this because last year the M.V.P. was given to Mario Lemieux who

Dropping the Gloves

by Manfred Sittmann

overcame a bout with cancer to win the scoring title (isn't that what the Art Ross is for?) The M.V.P. or Hart Trophy, in theory, is awarded to the most valuable player to his team. Now not to take anything away from Lemieux's talents, when he was not in the lineup Pittsburgh still posted a fairly impressive winning percentage. There were players in the league last year who pretty much carried their teams by themselves, but were left out in the proverbial cold.

This year is shaping up to be much like the last. As M.V.P. talks heat up again, there are some names that are conspicuous by their absence. While it is true that John Van Beisbrook is having a great year for the expansion Florida Panthers, he is also reaping the benefits of coach Roger Neilson's trap-style defense. On the other hand, I defy anyone to name more than a couple of the Buffalo Sabres defencemen and still Dominik Hasek is considered Grant (overpaid, overweight and overrated) Fuhr's backup.

How many games do you think that the

Leafs would win without Doug Gilmour logging at least half of the ice time every game? No offense, but not even Coach of the Year Pat Burns could work those types of miracles.

Cam Neely? Sure he is one of my favorite players but even without him the Boston Bruins are finding ways to win. We'll see how long they can keep that up though after making the most bone-headed trade at the deadline. Now they have no Neely, and no Juneau. Who is Oates going to pass to?...Dave Reid?

As for this year's Coach of the Year, I don't think there is any doubt that Sharks' Kevin Constantine should warrant serious consideration. After all it looks like his star-less squad has outworked a team of Gretzkys, Kurris, and Robitailles. If they had an award for worst coach, who would win that one, Barry Melrose or Pierre Pagé?

Best Defenseman? Since this award is not measured in terms of defensive ability as opposed to offensive numbers, Sylvain Lefebvre will again be denied. Other candidates I would like to see win, but won't are: Lyle Odelein from Montreal or Rob Blake from the Kings. However, the brass will likely go to someone like Sergei Zubov or Brian Leetch or someone else who is a scoring leader on his team.

Here are my award winners:

Art Ross (M.V.P.): Doug Gilmour - Toronto Maple Leafs

Vezina (Best Goalie): Dominik Hasek - Buffalo Sabres

Jack Adams (Best Coach): Kevin Constantine - San Jose Sharks

Norris (Best Defenseman): Sylvain Lefebvre - Toronto Maple Leafs

Calder (Best Rookie): Jason Arnott - Edmonton Oilers

Lady Byng (Most sissylike): - Jaromir Jagr - Pittsburgh Penguins, the L.A. Kings, Mike Eastwood - Toronto Maple Leafs, Pierre Turgeon - New York Islanders.

The Rover (Best imitation of a defenceman by a forward): Paul Coffey - Detroit Red Wings

The Un-forcer (most willing to get beat up for your team): Warren Rychel--L.A. and Mark Potvin--Hartford Whalers

The Rip Van Winkle (first guy to fall asleep when the playoffs start): Steve Yzerman - Detroit Red Wings

The Magic Bean (Worst trade): Harry Sinden - Boston Bruins: for that Juneau for lafrate thing.

The Gary Leeman (Best Trade): Chicago for ending up with Gary Suter and giving up essentially nothing.

The Romeo and Juliet (Most sickening love story): Bob McKenzie for his obvious infatuation with Gretzky (down boy!)

The Steve Larmer (Most underrated): Ron Maclean. Would Don Cherry be half as entertaining without him?

The Samuelson-Berg (Worst cheap-shot): Tony "the lumberjack" Granato for his vicious attack on Neil Wilkenson.

The George McGovern (Best player who never had a chance): Yanic Perreault.

Classifieds

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Players of the Week

Andrea Collins

After a consistent regular season, Andrea pulled out all the stops to help give Squared and Buried the championship. Her dedication and remarkable improvement throughout the year are commendable.

Steve Galdenzi

This week, Sons of Jor-El played the first-place Hitmen. The score in the first game was close as was the second. Steve made some terrific saves and although his team did not advance to the finals, his efforts are to be commended.

Allen Ferreiria

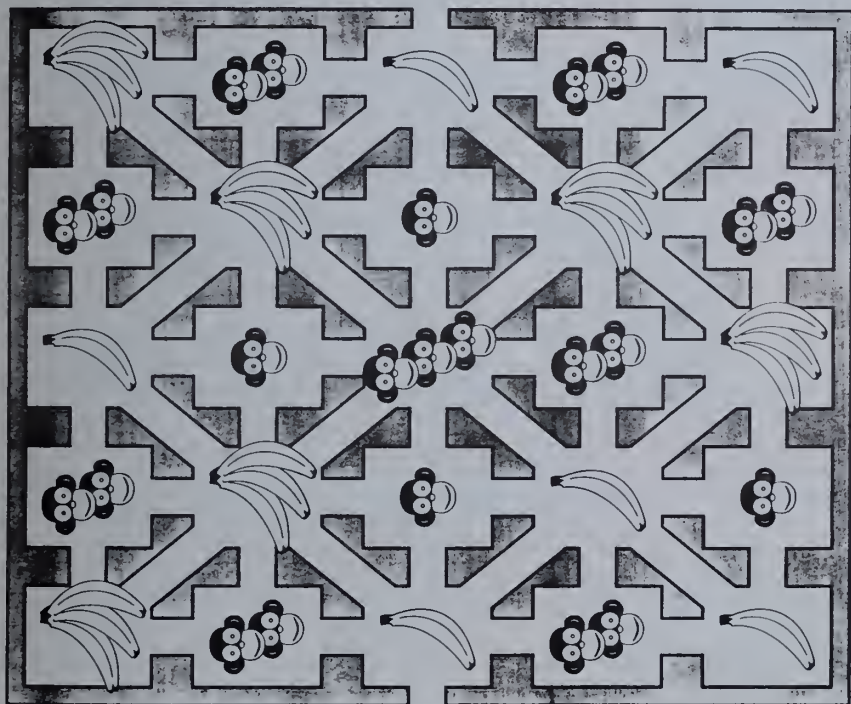
This week, Allen's team, the Streethawks faced DDWU in a semi-final round which was full of intensity. He recorded a shutout after stoning every DDWU player who attempted to score.

Winners will receive a free dinner for two certificate from McGinnis Landing. Winners may pick up their certificates at the medium 11 in the Sports Editor's mailbox.

PLAYTIME

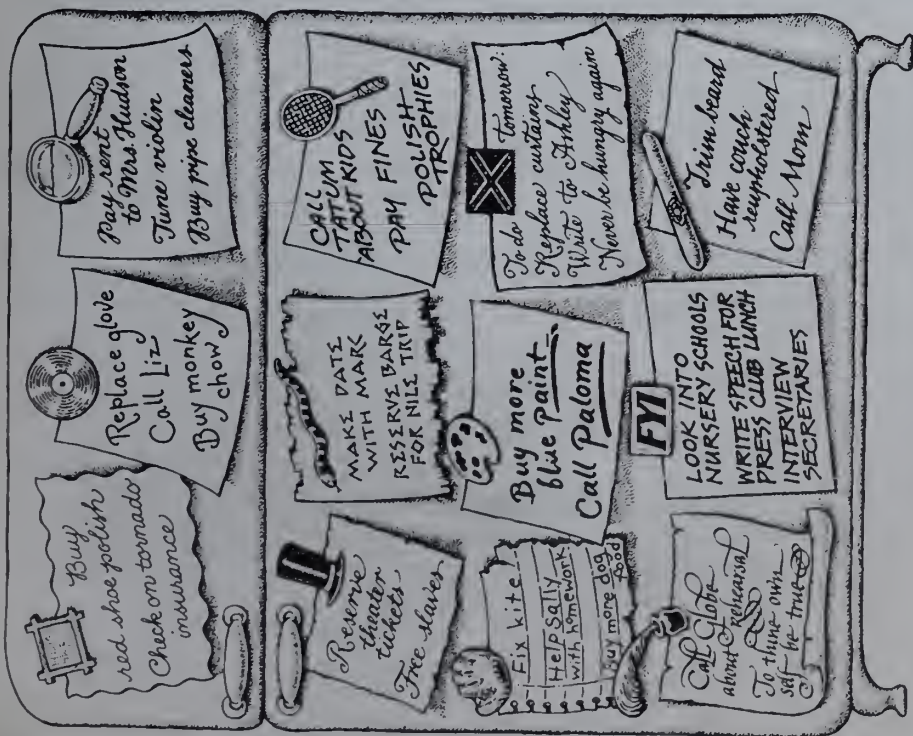
Welcome to the Monkey House by Dave Phillips

Look, we're a little shorthanded today at the zoo, so I wonder if you could help me out. It's feeding time in the monkey house, and the chimps are starting to complain. All you have to do is enter the monkey house through either of its two doors and visit each of the 25 rooms exactly once. Pick up the bananas you find in some of the rooms, and, as you come to the monkeys, give each of them one of the bananas you've accumulated. Whatever you do, make sure you haven't run out of bananas when you get to a monkey - these guys can be pretty nasty when they're not fed. If you choose your route carefully, you should be able to feed all of the monkeys and still come out of the other door with an extra banana for yourself.



"TO DO" To-Do by Amy Goldstein

We were wondering if famous people kept "to do" lists on their refrigerators, as we do, so we scouted out the kitchens of some of our favourite folks. We're happy to report that we found twelve little reminders posted, complete with appropriate magnets, which are shown on the refrigerator below. They come from the fridges of people both past and present, real and fictional. Can you figure out who made each list?



PUZZLE CORNER by Charles Barry Townsend



The gentleman pictured here is having nightmares over a puzzle he heard at work and has been unable to solve all day. The problem states that a woman had two clocks in her house. One of the clocks didn't run at all, and the other clock always loses an hour a day. Now, which of the clocks will have the correct time most often during any given week? Please solve this one in a hurry so this distraught man can get some sleep before dawn's early light.

A Most Baffling 'Pie' Puzzle

There's nothing like a good pie puzzle when Turkey Day rolls around. This problem is so old that Governor Bradford probably used it at dessert during that first Thanksgiving Day so many years ago. What you have to determine is: What are the most pieces you can cut this mincemeat pie into, by making four straight cuts across it? The pieces do not have to be the same size.



Answers From Last Issue

Water and Wine Puzzle - The answer is that there is as much water in the wine glass as there is wine in the water glass. The proof goes like this:

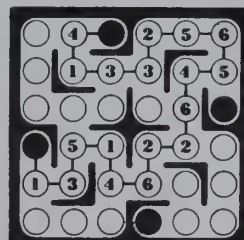
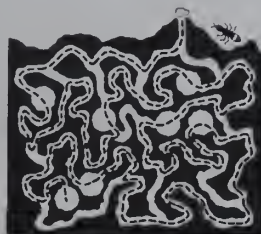
- Let's say that each glass contains 100 units of liquid and that the spoon holds 10 units of liquid.
- With the spoon Percy transfers 10 units of water from the water glass to the wine glass and then stirs them both together.
- The wine glass now contains 110 units of liquid. When Percy now takes a spoonful of liquid from this glass he will be removing 1/11 of each liquid. Thus he will have 9/11 units of wine and 10/11 units of water in his spoon. This he pours into the water glass.
- The water glass now contains 90 10/11 units of water and 9 1/11 units of wine which totals up to 100 units of liquid.
- The wine glass contains 90 10/11 units of wine and 9 1/11 units of water, also 100 units of liquid.

A fair exchange!

Presidential Puzzle - The fourth requirement is that he or she must get elected.

Book Marks - 17/Bantam, 10/Houghton Mifflin, 12/Alfred A. Knopf, 1/Simon and Schuster, 3/Straight Arrow, 15/Random House, 19/Pantheon, 5/Viking, 20/Norton 8/Harper and Row, 2/Pocket Books, 14/World Almanac, 13/Avon, 6/Puffin, 18/Harmony, 7/Vintage Press, 16/NYU Press, 11/Harlequin, 4/Penguin, 9/Arbor House.

Puzzles



ECARA

ERINDALE COLLEGE ATHLETICS AND RECREATION ASSOCIATION



AWARDS FOR THE 26TH ANNUAL ATHLETIC BANQUET M.V.P.

WOMEN'S INTERFACULTY

Basketball	Louise Anthony
Football (Touch)	Jennifer Nelson
Hockey (Field)	Tina Amorim
Hockey (Ice)	Maria Kappos
Innertube Waterpolo	Alison Wood
Rowing (Novice)	Catherine Mulroney
Rowing (Varsity)	Sarah West
Soccer	Denise Terhaar
Soccer (Indoor), Div. IA	Amy Gilmour
Soccer (Indoor), Div. IB	Silvy Moriera
Volleyball, Div. IA	Niki Kutlesa
Volleyball, Div. IB	Lori Bordeaux
Volleyball, Div. II	Monique Herbert

MEN'S INTERFACULTY

Basketball (1st Semester), Div. II	Alexis Mayer
Basketball (2nd Semester), Div. II	George Koumbidis
Basketball (2nd Semester), Div. III	Larry Florou
Football (Tackle): Offensive	Val Plavan
Football (Tackle): Defensive	John Greer
Football (Tackle): Lineman	Dany Dagher
Hockey, Div. I	Craig Lawlor
Hockey, Div. II (1st Semester)	Dave Kovacs
Hockey, Div. II (2nd Semester)	Gokhan Haskan
Hockey, Div. III (1st Semester)	Rob Guzzo
Hockey, Div. III (2nd Semester)	Dylan Riendeau
Lacrosse	Don Malcolmson
Rowing (Novice)	Jim Martyn
Rowing (Varsity)	Andrew Bellerby
Rugby	Herb Chan
Soccer	Fred Arrarte
Soccer (Indoor)	Irfan Shah
Volleyball, Div. I	Rob Landsmann
Volleyball, Div. II	Andrew Kwon
Waterpolo	Stan Besko

Congratulations to The Interfaculty Championship Teams:

Women's Innertube Waterpolo
Women's Indoor Soccer
Men's Division I Volleyball
Men's Division II Volleyball
Men's Division I Basketball
Men's Division II Basketball, 1st
Term Champions
Men's Division II Basketball, 2nd
Term Champions
Waterpolo

ATHLETIC "E" AWARDS (50 POINTS)

Albanese, Steve	Kirk, Kelley
Alvarado, Ramon	Kolodziej, Barbra
Anthony, Louise	Kovacs, Dave
Awadalla, Dan	Levesque, Esther
Bamford, Laurie	McCordle, Scott
Bamji, Zubin	McDavid, Mark
Bellerby, Andrew	McIntosh, Ermine
Billings, Dave	Meyer, John
Collins, Andrea	Mockler, Janet
Efrem, Wudasia	Nangle, Rick
Frayle, Deneen	Newhouse, Richard
Galambos, Gabe	Ranocchia, Stephan
Goeree, Dave	Reid, Trevor
Hart, Jerry	Wickens, Tamara
John, Laura	Wilson, Karen
Kazarian, Kelly	Yadegari, Izadyar
Khan, Ayesha	Young, Don

ATHLETIC "E" AWARDS (100 POINTS)

Anderson, Paul
Kalanzakos, Harry
Kappos, Maria
Lewis, Cindy-Ann
Nimz, Sabina
Perez, Francisco
Trussell, Mark
Wood, Alison

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Intramural Athlete of the Year

Rich Norris
Hardeep Grewal

J.J. Rae Trophy Female Athlete of the Year

Sabina Nimz

J. Tuzo Wilson Award Male Athlete of the Year

Francisco Perez

Interfaculty Coach of the Year

Affik Choudhury

Referee of the Year

Rich Norris Sabina Nimz
Affik Choudhury Kim Applin

Cynthia Haddow Memorial Award

Esther Levesque

ECARA Extends Thanks:

**The 1993-1994 ECARA
Council would like to
thank all those who
came out to the
Athletic Banquet on
Saturday March 26th.**

**For After Hours Information Call
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**Take A Break
Rec-re-ate!!!**